

From the New York Evening Post.
SALLY CLAIR.

BY THOMAS G. HARRISON.

THE sun was breaking brightly o'er the meadows
and the hills,
The lark was singing sweetly upon the maple
tree,
The whistle of the ploughboy, along the winding
rills,
Kissed my heart in gladness as the ripples kiss
the sea;
And the gentle winds of Heaven—it was long—
long ago—
Set all my hopes on tiptoe, so kindly did they
blow.

That morning brings back to me the freshness
of my youth—
The simplicity of boyhood—the sanctity of
truth.
I can see in memory's mirror, my early life in
sooth,
Looking wiser in its stint of care and older in
its ruth
Than the hackneyed days of manhood, the cold
worldly brow,
With the foibles and the follies that oft beset me
now.

Those were the days of dreaming, days of frequent
happy thought,
When all my heart was teeming with a love by
gold unbought;
Then naught in life was seeming, but with feel-
ings deeply fraught,
All the wide world was beaming, with one mighty
love-light caught
From the instincts of our being, and the lessons
by them taught—
All full of golden meaning, and of hopes that
come unsought.

The morning I remember—'twas in the month
of June—
The flowers were opening fresh, and the birds
were all in tune:
The winds were playing gently with the leaves
among the trees,
The buds were yielding kindly their rich nectar
to the bees;
The earth was gayly humming soft lullabys to
the air,
When first I gazed upon the face of pretty Sally
Clair.

Neath the foliage of a plum-bush, by the margin
of the wood,
Sat Sally softly blushing in the spring of woman-
hood;
With her bonnet full of plums and her cheeks as
full of roses,

And her brown auburn ringlets wreathed round
with meadow posies,
In her pride and flush of maidenhood alone she
sat and bloomed,
While in reveries of boyhood I mused as one en-
tomb'd.

Sally glanced toward me slyly from the corner
of her eye,
She took my form and stature, and dropped a
gentle sigh,
She saw my quick confusion, and laughed with
all her heart,
That a boy so young and handsome should so
blush and start.
Her laugh rang out so joyously upon the balmy
air—
I looked no longer boyishly upon pretty Sally
Clair.

With a step assured and manly, I walked up by
her side,
While my cheeks mantled warmly, and my heart
beat with pride;
I softly pressed, yet fondly, my hand upon her
brow,
And she gazed back full kindly into my face, I
trow;
I never felt so strangely, from that happy day to
this,
As when I knelt a wooer, and imprinted one
sweet kiss.

Sally loved me none the less for the boldness of
this freak—
Sally failed not to caress the hot blush upon my
cheek;
Ah! that dimple in her own cheek, red lip, and
smiling air,
Of all beautiful and rare things, were most beau-
tiful and rare;
She knew not, she cared not, how strong might
be her passion,
For she was a child of nature, and not a thing
of fashion.

How I deemed myself a man, how my bosom
swelled with pride,
That Sally should in future be my own, my dar-
ling bride.
Me thought I reigned a monarch, and Sally was
my queen,
And all the world was subject, I and Sally were
supreme;
We built a fancy castle, all pillared on the air;
I was the king of fairies, and the queen was Sally
Clair.

The greenest groves of myrtle, in their gush of
feathered tribes,
The Oriental melodies of the ancient lyric
scribes;

The rare and radiant beauty of Circassia's fairest maid,
The green and golden islands, with which ocean is inlaid;
The Naiads, in their choral shade, 'neath their silent crystal lair,
Could ne'er bespeak the happiness of me and Sally Clair.

In those days of boyish dreaming, I enchanted every scene;
I colored every wildwood with Elysian ever-green;
Though Sally was my wood-nymph, and I was Sally's lord,
Yet, how I hearkened eagerly, to Sally's slightest word.
She was to me the future, of the past I had no care,
For the pride of my ambition was the love of Sally Clair.

E'en now, since Time has written his rough wrinkles on my brow,
And the cares of life weigh heavy, my energies to bow,
I sometimes feel a whisper, stealing gently through my soul
Soft sounding, like the far-off notes that through the planets roll;
'Tis not Æolian music, whence it comes I am aware,
'Tis a sweet breath of memory from pretty Sally Clair.

THE PASSING FEAR.

'MOTHER, I shall not die,' she said,
Calm lying, open-eyed,
Still smiling when the morning rose,
Smiling at even-tide.

'Mother, it was not Death, whose hand
Above my eyelids drawn
Put back my seventeen childish years
And made a new world dawn.

O golden world! O wondrous world!
My heart looks back amaze
Upon those gone-by years, and forth
Into the coming days.

O mother! was it thus, and thus,
That when my father came
You hid your burning face, and cowered
Blushing, but not with shame!

And, mother, was it thus, ay, thus,
That when my father said
Those words—it seemed an angel's voice
Wakening the newly dead?

No death—sweet life! Shall I arise,
And walk, serene and strong,
My mother's household ways, and sing
My mother's household song?

Shall I stand by *him*, as you stand
By my dear father's side,

And hear, as you heard yesternight,
"Dearer the wife than bride?"

And—strange—oh passing strange, to think,
If ever there should be
For me, grown old, a fond arm's clasp,
Mother, as I clasp thee?

O mother, mother, hold me close,
Until these tears run dry;
God, Thou wert very merciful,
Thou wouldst not let me die!

Chambers's Journal.

From the Ladies' Companion.

CHILD AND MOTHER.

Oh! ye have loving work,
Little hands!
Loving, caressing work,
Stroking those bands
So smooth and dark, thence stealing down to trace
The dimples ye have conjured on that face.

And ye have joyous work,
Little eyes!
Tender, rejoicing work,
Thus as ye rise,
Bearing a soul of baby-love, to greet
Those other eyes, bending your gaze to meet.

Thou, too, hast soothing work,
Little lip!
Soothing, refreshing work,
Seeming to sip
Stores of pure love from out that teeming heart,
Yielding so much—yet losing not a part.

Yet ye'll have sadder work,
Little hands!
Sadder, and holier work,
Smoothing those hands
When silvered gray, adown her pallid brow;
Furrow'd, but not less beautiful than now.

Ye may have bitter work,
Little eyes!
Bitter and tearful work,
When pale she lies
With waning breath, and ye do silent weep
Away the weary night-watch which ye keep.

Thou, little lip, sad work
May'st have to do;
Chilling, distracting work,
Kissing the dew,
Life's closing dew, which, nor thy kiss, thy love,
Nor all thy tender stanching may remove.

Thou shalt have holy work,
Little soul!
Holy, religious work,
Seeking the goal
Which she has sought and gained, and thou must gain,
If all thy loving thou would'st have again.

R. O. C.

From the Athenæum.

Memoirs of Sir Robert Strange, Knight, Engraver; and of his Brother-in-Law, Andrew Lumisden, private Secretary to the Stuart Princess. By James Dennistoun, of Dennistoun. 2 vols. Longman & Co.

THIS book has a deep fascination. Mr. Dennistoun, if not a clear writer, was a careful one. He showed, too, in many portions of the narrative before us, a finer sense of the marking trait, the characteristic word, the moment of interest, than had been evinced in his Italian memoirs. It is true that this time he had a subject calculated to make an author's heart glad,—doubly glad, supposing that author to be a Scotchman. The career of one who gave an impulse to Art in England, at a period when Art could get small schooling here, and enjoyed comparatively little favor,—and who achieved a success which, like the successes of Hogarth, Wilson, and Sir Joshua Reynolds, has not been outdone by any successor, offers an attractive theme. But more of romance than belongs to these interests was mixed up in Strange's life, by his connection with the Lumisdens, those faithful adherents to the exiled Stuarts. Though the story of his Jacobite brother-in-law is episodic in an engraver's biography, it is so full of interest that no one will protest against the decision of Mr. Dennistoun to interweave the political with the artistic thread. We are made the more lenient by our delight in a third strain, full of humor and character, introduced in the person of Lady Strange—the engraver's wife, the Jacobite secretary's sister. No Scottish woman of the olden time more quaint, more racy, more shrewd, and more incessant exists in Mr. Galt's gallery of imaginary *Miss Mizys* and *Leddy Grippys*. It is long since such a compound of fantastic loyalty and amazing orthography,—of shrill self-assertion and homely heart-warm affection—a figure so bright, so bold, and so individual, has stood before us on the literary canvas, as the help-mate of Mr. Dennistoun's hero. The biographer, we repeat, was thrice fortunate in his subject and in its surroundings.

The Strangs (or Strong Men) were an old Orcadian family,—and Robert, Mr. Dennistoun's subject, eldest son by a second marriage of David Strang, treasurer at Kirkwall, was born, on the 14th of July 1721, in the island of Pomona. The boy, till he was fourteen, was brought up among his own people, his education there "terminating in an excellent grammar-school, where he attained some general knowledge of the classics." His relations had determined on making a lawyer of "Robie"—but the boy was determined to go to sea;—and, thanks to the indulgence of his mother, and the fatherly sympathy of his half-

brother, he carried his point. A cruise in a man-of-war,—the Aldborough, including a storm during the ship's homeward voyage from Gottenburg,—disenchanted the youngster, whose ideas had, probably, been merely one of those promptings of aimless restlessness by which Genius announces its presence. A born sea-boy, Orcadian to boot, would not have listened to the terrors of the first gale he encountered, still less to the sober counsels of a wise midshipman! The sea being abandoned, young Strange (as it is best to call him) consented to try the law, under the guidance of his considerate half-brother. "Before leaving my native country," says he in an autobiographical fragment here reprinted, "I had wrote an excellent hand of write, but had been out of the practice of it for several months. It was not to be doubted but that I should soon recover it." This "excellent hand of write" was soon recovered, and while Robert was copying his half-brother's papers he beguiled his leisure by drawing "little sketches in pen-and-ink,—some few," says he, "from my own fancy, and others from the ornaments and title-pages of books, etc." These were carefully concealed, in obedience, we suppose, to the old notions, which attached loss of position—guilt, almost—to the pursuit of Art;—and which made secrecy necessary, in avoidance of persecution. But young Strange was more fortunate than other "visionary boys" have been. His half-brother, one day, fell upon the "budget" of concealed treasure, and, so far from being wroth on the occasion, "was placid to a degree," showed the drawings to Mr. Cooper, an engraver in Edinburgh, and consulted him on the practicability of making something of the talent of "the excellent hand." This Mr. Cooper, pupil of "John Pine, who published the Armada tapestries from the old House of Lords," was a man of some substance and pretension in Edinburgh, who built and decorated for himself a spacious house in St. John Street, and had a school for apprentices. In this school,—allowing for an outbreak or two of the restlessness which seems never utterly to have forsaken Strange,—the youth distinguished himself. Between 1737 and 1740, he was entrusted with the conduct of a folio edition of Albinus's "Anatomical Plates," executing with his own hands the subjects of osteology. Some peril he ran from the society of a fellow apprentice, one Michael Hay, who was a showy, debauched fellow, not to be made an engraver of; but the influences of Michael's bad example harmed him little,—and, ere his connection with Cooper was well over, he had mixed himself up with interests more absorbing than those of passing the night in a tavern or flaundering about "bedaubed with lace, and with a sword hanging by his side." The fever of

"the '45" got hold of him; and, at the same time, a passion equally strong—for he made friendship with the Lumisdens; and, in '44, was accepted by Isabella Lumisdens, "on condition that he should fight for the Prince." He was able to render more lasting services to "the Pretender" than those of bow and spear:—

"Mr. Robert Chambers, in his "Biographical Dictionary of Eminent Scotsmen," tells us that Strange then residing in Stewart's Close, was commissioned, during the Prince's visit to Edinburgh, to engrave a half-length portrait of him; he looks out of an oval window or frame, over a stone ledge or pedestal, with the motto, *Everso missus succurrere seculo*. This print [was] the earliest known work of its author on his own account."

Strange accompanied the Jacobite army, and was called into the councils of the Prince, who withdrew from a ball to concert, with Sir Thomas Sheridan, the renegade Murray, of Broughton, and our young artist, a plan for the issue of "one species of money or other, for the service of the army in general." Strange produced a design for a paper note or token.—

It consisted, I said, of nothing but the slightest compartment, from behind which a rose issued on one side, and a thistle on the other, as merely ornamental: the interior part I meant should be filled up by clerks, with the specific sums which were intended, etc.: and I proposed etching or engraving, in the slightest manner for expedition, a considerable repetition of this ornament on two plates, for the facility of printing; that such should be done on the strongest paper [so], that, when cut separate, they should resist, in some measure, the wear they must sustain in the common use of circulation. The Prince had at this time taken the compartment out of my hand, and was showing [it] to Mr. Murray, and seemed much pleased with the idea of the rose and the thistle. In short, everything was approved of, and the utmost expedition recommended me. *

* Next day, being Sunday, my carpenter was early employed in cutting out this wood, in order to begin on Monday. It was not so with a copper-smith, whose assistance I more immediately required. He was a good Presbyterian, and thought he would be bre'king the Lord's day. But necessity has no law; he turned out even better than his promise, overcame his prejudice, went to work, and furnished me with a copper plate on Monday about noon."

The rout at Culloden, which was simply and vigorously described by Strange in an autobiographical fragment, put an end to the engraver's employment as "moneyer," and drove him, like other loyal servants of the Stuarts, into holes and corners:—

"Of the incidents during his hiding in the

Highlands after the catastrophe at Culloden, and of his eventual escape to the Continent, we possess but scanty particulars. One printed anecdote comes to us on the authority of Cooper, his instructor, that, when hotly pressed, he dashed into a room where the lady, whose zeal had enlisted him in the fatal cause, sat singing at her needlework, and, failing other means of concealment, was indebted for safety to her prompt intervention. As she quickly raised her hooped gown, the affianced lover disappeared beneath its ample contour, where, thanks to her cool demeanor and unflattering notes, he lay undetected, while the rude and baffled soldiery vainly ransacked the house. * * When the vigilance of pursuit was somewhat abated, he left the Highlands, and returned to Edinburgh, where, for the first time, he began to turn his talents to account, contriving to maintain himself in concealment by the sale of small drawings of the rival leaders in the rebellion, many of which must still be extant, and which were purchased at the time in great numbers at a guinea each. A fan, also, whose intended owner gave it in his eyes additional value, and on which his pencil had, on that account, bestowed more than usual pains, was sold at this time, with a sad heart (*non hos quassatum munus in usus*) to the present Earl of Wemyss, who was too sensible of its value to allow it to be repurchased, when that was proposed a short time afterwards."

This fan, we suppose, was intended for the Jacobite Lady to whom Strange was united in 1747, having won his spurs as a true knight. On proceeding further with the record of his life, we are disposed to fancy that Strange's own politics may have been, like his love of the sea, romantic rather than real. When, in 1760, he declined to engrave Allan Ramsay's full-length portraits of George the Third and the Earl of Bute, in consequence of the insufficient remuneration offered to him, he explained in clear terms to Ramsay, that he

"considered himself most unjustly calumniated by the prevalent reports of his having, from political feelings, refused to occupy his hand upon a portrait of the heir-apparent to the throne; and, farther, that the slights he received from Lord Bute satisfied him that his conduct must have been looked on at Court in this light."

It could have offered little matter for wonder had Strange refused the allegiance of his *burin* to the House of Hanover, considering what its earlier labors had been, what the humor of his helpmate was, and what the principles and position of her family remained until the last spark of Jacobite hope smouldered out among the ashes!

The Lumisdens were a devoted family, though not singular in their devotion. That spell which often constrains affection and retains loyalty—a compound of selfishness, superciliousness, and sensibility—was possessed to the full by the Stuarts. They were not

only served by better men than themselves, but were served on bended knees. It was a favor (according to their code) in one of their anointed race to permit Fidelity to spend its life-blood for him; yet, after that blood was spent, Fidelity's orphan often got but icy thanks, rarely the smallest kind deed, in substantial return. Few mysteries of life are more common than this subjugation of the better by the worse creature—than this waste of love and service; but even the suffering of innocent children is hardly more painful to contemplate than such a phenomenon. We have called the Lumisdens "devoted." William Lumisden, the father of Isabella and Andrew, "a weak, but harsh and selfish man," carried arms for the Stuarts in 1715, and refused to take oaths to Government. Andrew, educated for the law, joined Charles Edward's standard when he was twenty-five; and had, like his royal master, to fly the country, and, for a time, to lead a precarious, scrambling life. Isabella seems to have negotiated betwixt him and his father, in a matter where women rarely fail to negotiate with success,—the getting of supplies for the refugee; and from this time forward—1747—the letters from the brother and sister begin to form an interesting feature in the book. Andrew described foreign usages and foreign parts—"the French stage, with an imitation of 'Venice Preserved,' from Otway"—and the absurdities of the Opera (then a fertile theme for satire with all who pretended to intelligence and taste),—begged to have Scot's Magazines sent to him,—and entreated "papa" to use his influence with some Scotch merchants residing at "Cadix, in Spain," to do something for him. "From the Prince," he says, writing from Rouen, in 1748, "I expect nothing; his own situation is too dismal."

The same tone of excuse is observable throughout Andrew Lumisden's letters. If he was passed over, he would not avow it,—if he was maltreated, he besought his sister to conceal it. By Isabella, too, the good cause was clung to, with true feminine "vivacity" (her own spelling). Writing to her brother in sympathetic ink or milk:—

"Pray," says she, "make Robie's compliments and mine to Sir Stewart and Mr. Hamilton, and tell them my daughter sends her honest wishes to them; the poor infant has early shown the spirit of Jacobitism; she had almost suffered martyrdom the tenth of this month, for having two white roses in her cap."

We must add other passages from the later letters of this sprightly woman. Shortly after her marriage strange began to travel on the Continent, and from the first idea of proceeding to Rome, with a view of exercising that "excellent hand" of his in miniature painting,

was gradually led on to plan that fine series of engravings from the foreign pictures, by which he is so nobly known. Is it scandal to fancy that "Robie's" wandering fancies may have been quickened by the quick spirits and masterful temper of his wife? The couple seem to have loved and trusted each other; but the lady was somewhat of a wrangler, and may have introduced other acids into his working-room than the aquafortis of his art. Here are some suspicious outbreaks of "vivacity" at all events, from her epistles to her brother:—

"My dear little Mary Bruce is as thriving an infant as ever was seen. * * I must not neglect to tell you that I have taken great care of her education: for example, whenever she hears the word Whig mentioned, she grins and makes faces that would frighten a bean; but when I name the Prince, she kisses me and looks at her picture, and greets you well for sending the pretty gum-flower; I intend she shall wear it at the Coronation, such is the value I have for it, as 'tis a mark of your remembering my foster."

"I have taken a very pretty genteel house at the Cross, in that land where Sandy Stevenson has his shop; 'tis the third story: an easy scaled stair; looks very low from the street.—I design to make more than the rent, of my five large windows at the Restoration, though it [is] fourteen pounds and a crown."

About the year 1751 Andrew Lumisden joined the Stuarts at Rome, at first as Under Secretary to the Chevalier St. George. Some interesting chapters are devoted by Mr. Donistoun to the colorless and vapid life of the exiled Court, stirred from time to time by little attempts to intrigue and conspire. Andrew Lumisden's letters, though dry and formal, and larded by those moral reflections and generous sentiments which letter-writers of those days seemed to regard as necessary as superscription or seal,—are still interesting and characteristic. In 1756 his father died,—in 1766 the Chevalier St. George. But a mere note of these events must suffice us, since the career of Strange is to be followed. After some indecision, and but little employment, the young engraver joined the Scottish exiles at Rouen in 1748. While in France he worked with Descamps and Le Bas. The latter engraver was the favorite engraver of pictures of the Watteau school (here somewhat unfairly condemned, by the way). But Strange began early to select for himself—picked out "a sparkling little Wouvermanns,"—a "Corregioesque Vanloo, and brought out engravings from them," at the humble price of half-a-crown each." On returning to England, he began to traffic with his brother-in-law in Roman wares, more innocent in quality than Jacobite treasons, and to import Italian engravings. This connection, and the influence of

Andrew Lumsden's elegant and scholastic taste,—the want of much better employment than Hunter's anatomical works could supply—the home presence of one who may have teased as much as she pleased him—may have conspired with his naturally roving disposition to encourage him in the frequent absences from England, which bore such good fruit for the print-shops, however unpalatable they were to Mistress Strange.—She, however, had her own occupations and her own resources during her lord's absence. Her family, which had increased, claimed much attention; and she had to battle with absent husband and far-away brother-in-law in defence of her educational practices, some of which seemed to distant relatives more giddy than rational. Her son, Jamie, had been taught to dance by a Frenchman of the name of Lalauze,—who, on giving what we suppose to have been a dancing-master's ball at one of the theatres, naturally wished one of his best pupils to figure there. Hearing of this, Andrew Lumsden, noting how “the Earl of Massareen (who is now in Italy) has been laughed at by the Italians, as well as by his own countrymen, on account of his theatrical dancing,” wrote a protest home to his sister, at the instance of Strange. The Lady was perfectly able and ready to defend herself and her dancing discipline; and indulged in a spirited rejoinder:—

“Jamie knows no more of a theatrical carriage than you do; he moves and dances like a gentleman. His master is as unlike a dancing-master as your Holy Father. Fear me not, I have given neither you, nor any of the world, any reason to suspect my want of what's called common sense. I think I have seen through things you yourself have been blind to, as to the foibles of men or women. I will but do myself the justice when I say I have as few of them as any she that ever wore petticoats. I know I have passion; and plenty of revenge, which is, to be sure, the child of the Devil, and not the brat of a weak brain. My wayward love is the only blot you can stamp on my scutcheon: with that, when I see you, I shall vindicate myself, in the dearest side of your head. * * But, to begin again, Robie and you must submit the care of the children to me for this year. I foresee, tho' I might get the blame was things to turn out ill, yet when they flourish I may never be thought of: but I hope to live to tell my own merit in their education myself.—Jamie never learned ought but the Minuat and Lewer, which is a sort of Minuat; he never saw a country-dance; he, nor his sister, has not been within the playhouse door since April last.”

A few months later, however, we find a wail as characteristic of the woman as her “fling” had been:—

“I am far from being well, which I do not

choose to signify to Robie. Was he to be with me to-morrow, it would do me no service. The immoderate fatigue I have had these many years in bringing in a family into the world, and the anxiety I have had in rearing them, joined to many sore hearts, has wore out the best constitution in Europ. 'Tis true I have had a severe additional fatigue since Robie went abroad, but I have had one substantial comfort; I have been my own mistress. I have had no chiding stuff, which I believe I sometimes brought on myself, but when I did, it was in defence of some saving truth. My frugality has often been dear to me, but yet I'm of opinion had my disposition been otherwise, he would have more justly found fault. * * Robie is of a sweet disposition, but has not so much forethought, nor so discerning a judgment as I have. When I'm gone, he will soon be flattered out of himself. * * Peace and quiet is my wish, but I despair of ever attaining it. Since ever my lord left me, my application to business, my constant desire of doing good and being obliging, has fatigued me beyond measure. The thing that has late most hurt me is speaking. I exert with such spirit and vivacity that, when I'm left alone, after having entertained my visitors, I feel such a violent pain in my breast that I am useless for some time. I have had a dreadful cough this spring, which still sticks to me. To sum up all, when I sit down alone, and enters into a train of thoughts, I grow low-spirited.”

—Mrs. Strange is not the first gentlewoman of “vivacity” who has scolded in substantiation of her love for “peace and quiet.” Her attachment to her husband appears to have been as real as her temper was quick and her style quaint.

Meanwhile the course of Robert Strange's travels across the Alps did not run smooth. He conceived that in Italy he was followed by home persecution, on the score of his politics, which took the form of denied access to the pictures which he desired to examine, copy, and engrave,—the thorn in his side being Mr. Dalton:—

“This gentleman, originally a coach painter, had studied in Rome, and been made librarian to the Prince of Wales, by whom, on his accession, he was sent to Italy, in order to purchase works of art for his Majesty.”

In the hindrances which Dalton threw into Strange's way there may have been Hanoverian vengeance and suspicion;—no less than a pure mercantile desire to play into the hands of Bartolozzi, the engraver. It may be remarked, that amateur conspirators have often no objection to assume the importance of martyrdom on the strength of their conspiracies, long after such deeds are wholly forgotten by those against whom they were directed. Whether this was Strange's case or not, the Jacobite engraver outwitted

the wee bit German lairdie, and managed to secure the Aldobrandi "Sleeping Cupid," which had been offered to the King of England for 2,000 zecchins, at little more than a fourth of that price, for Sir Laurence Dundas contrived, also, to engrave the picture, and by means of the Cardinals York and Colonna di Sciarra to break down the obstacles raised by English court disfavor. On his return to England in 1765, Strange conceived that the prejudice against him had not subsided. How he brought himself to memorialize Lord Bute in a submissive strain is not told,—neither are we informed how far, if at all, Mrs. Strange was privy to the submission. Finding that one objection after another was raised as to his admission into the "Society of Artists," just incorporated by royal charter, he prepared to withdraw to Paris, there to exercise the profession in which he had become a celebrity. The moral of such grievances may seem clear to those who fancy that a man is bound to abide the consequences of his opinions and acts, whether they yield bitter apples or fruit of Hesperus. Further, in considering the facts and bearings of Strange's difficulties with respect to the Academy, it must not be altogether forgotten what were his times and what his connections. Those were days of spies and whisperers,—when men's wives carried on plots and conveyed intelligence "underneath their hoops" (as Gray sings) to powers intent on revolution. There is not much cause for wonder if the governing powers (who have always been more or less interfering ones also), acting in the spirit of their epoch and of their order, were not large-minded enough to separate the man of Art from the woman of Intrigue,—and did not embrace and welcome on the threshold of a new institution one who might at home be winking at restless attempts to upset their rule and annul their governance.

In spite, however, of checks and chills like these, the remarkable powers of the Scottish engraver began to make themselves known,—and his success as a picture-dealer had so far contributed to better his fortunes that we find him, "in the summer of 1767, planning a more fixed residence with them in Castle Street, Leicester Fields, so soon as he should meet in Paris with a qualified assistant, willing to accompany him to England." That Art was a kinder master than Politics he had good opportunity of learning, in observing how the life of his brother-in-law, Andrew Lumisden, flowed on. In 1766, the death of the Prince Charles Edward's father invested that worthless and heartless person with the headship of the Stuart family, and with the allegiance of the few followers who still hoped against hope. Andrew Lumisden announced his loss to the Chevalier, hurried from Rome to escort

his new King thither, and entered into a second term of secretaryship in his service. The record of Lumisden's new occupations is interesting, though as they were entered on with misgiving, none can be surprised to read how they were closed:—

"On the 14th of December Mr. Lumisden announced to Lords Dunbar and Alford, with others of his habitual correspondents, 'The King was pleased last Thursday to dismiss Sir John Hay, Mr. Urquhart, and me from his service. This melancholy event must give you, as it gives us all, the utmost affliction. But although I am obliged to inform you of it, I beg your lordship will forgive me not entering into any detail of the unlucky circumstances which have given occasion to it. What I think only permitted to me is to say in general, that his Royal Highness the Duke has been pleased publicly to approve of our conduct, and to thank us for our behavior in the most gracious manner.' The circumstances thus veiled, from motives of delicacy, are understood to have redounded little to his master's credit, and no doubt arose from some outbreak of temper by the Prince, while excited by wine, in which he had long indulged to excess, and possibly by the remonstrances of his devoted adherents. In one letter, the secretary refers, as if hypothetically, to what a sudden gust of passion may have led him to do."

"*The king was pleased!*"—What a commentary is here on the word "loyalty!" One more emphatic still is to be found in the letter where his sister acknowledges the tidings of this new stroke of adversity:—

"O! entreat the person [Cardinal York] whom I never saw, but even for his father and family's sake I ever loved, to, if possible, patch up things, so as, in the eye of the world, you may bid a respectful farewell. I could walk barefooted to kneel for this favor."

Some particulars of the scene, the performance of which the Lady would have gone barefooted to insure, are to be found in a letter written in 1771, from Lumisden to a son of the titular Lord Nairne:—

"Were I to begin the farce of life again, I would do the same. The world perhaps may think that I have partaken of the Duke's generosity, but I can in confidence tell you that I never received a shilling from him; no, not even at a time when a little money might have been properly given, and surely it would not have been inconvenient for me to have received it.—'Tis true, the day before I left Rome, when I took leave of his R. H. at the Conclave, he gave me a snuff-box which belonged to the late King, which he was graciously pleased to call a small token of his grateful remembrance of my long and faithful services to the Royal family. As I was not in absolute want, such a present I confess was more agreeable to me than a trifle of money he might perhaps have given me."

Set free from his melancholy thralldom, Lumisden moved homeward so far as Paris; and we shortly after find his friends doing their utmost "to make his peace,"—otherwise to procure him liberty to re-enter England without being liable to a prosecution for high treason. After a while these efforts were successful:—though the following fragments, from Mrs. Strange's letter on the occasion, would indicate that pardon was neither applied for, nor accepted without a reserve:—

"London, May 17, 1773.

"My dear Andrew,— * * * It is very flattering to us to be took notice of by great folks at a time when *Virtue* is so little in fashion, for indeed we have nothing else to recommend us to them. Your sweet obligen disposition will soon convince them that they have made a proper, if not a valuable choice. * * * I have not yet heard of your letter of liberty. Col. Masterton says it is lying in Lord North's office, and he is sure you will be safe to come here. But I say we must have better security than that. Whatever I learn you shall know without loss of time. * * * When will you write me of a pregnancy: on that I depend; it's my last stake! Thank God, we are all well, only now and then I take low spirits. As my good friend Lady Clackmanan says, 'O! my dear, send me something to raise my spirits in these bad times.' Remember me to the good Principle [Gordon], and all our honest friends. I ever am, my dear Andrew, your afft. sister,
ISABELLA STRANGE.

"'Honest friends,' in Mrs. Strange's vocabulary, were of course true Jacobites, and the 'pregnancy' for which she longed was that of Charles Edward's consort."

Andrew Lumisden's "full pardon" was granted in the year 1778:—

"The immediate cause of this tardy favor is said to have been the zeal and judgment with which Lumisden executed a commission entrusted to him, through Lord Hillsborough, to purchase for George the Third some rare books at a great sale in Paris."

Some six years later, Strange made up his quarrel with the Court of St. James's by engraving West's picture of the Apotheosis of the Princes Octavius and Alfred. His Lady's letter to her son Robert pleasantly narrates the event and the sequel:—

"Jan. 13, 1787.

"Your dear father has been employed in engraving a most beautiful picture painted by Mr. West, which he liked so much that he was desirous to make a print from it. The picture was painted for his Majesty: it represented two of the Royal children who died. The composition is an angel in the clouds; the first child sitting by the angel, and the other, a most sweet youth, looking up: there are two cherubs in the top, and a view of Windsor at the bottom. This

print was lately finished, and Friday the 5th curr. was appointed for your father's presenting some proofs of it to his Majesty. He went with them to the Queen's house, and had a most gracious reception. His Majesty was very much pleased. After saying many most flattering things, [he] said, 'Mr. Strange, I have another favor to ask of you.' Your father was attentive, and his Majesty, 'It is that you will attend the levee on Wednesday or Friday, that I may confer on you the honor of knighthood.' His Majesty left the room, but coming quickly back, said, 'I'm going immediately to St. James's, if you'll follow me I will do it now; the sooner the better;' so calling one of the pages, gave him orders to conduct Mr. Strange to St. James's, where, kneeling down, he rose up SIR ROBERT STRANGE. This honor to our family I hope is a very good omen. I hope it will be a spur to our children, and show them to what virtue and industry may bring them. My dear Bob, I hope you will equally share in our virtues as you do our honors; honors and virtue ought never to part. Few families have ever had a more sure or creditable foundation than ours: may laurels flourish on all your heads!"

We cannot do better than drop the curtain to such a flourish of trumpets as this; though an abundance of topics in these interesting volumes remain almost untouched. We have merely glanced incidentally at the claims and career of Sir Robert Strange as an artist,—being seduced by the traits of more universal interest which mark this piece of family history. Five years later Sir Robert Strange died. His Lady survived him till the year 1806—a Jacobite in tongue to the last, says Mr. Dennistoun:—

"Dr. Munro remembers the contemptuous energy with which, subsequent to this period, she, with a licence of language then indulged by Scottish gentlewomen in moments of excitement, reproved some one who, in her presence, applied to Charles Edward the term in which he was usually designated by all except his 'friends';—'*Pretender*, and be d—d to ye!"

That the Lady's temper, too, did not sweeten with time, though her spelling grew worse, the following scrap from her epistles to her husband humorously indicate:—

"We are again in want of an upper maid: the one we had said the place did not suite her; so in three weeks she trotted off; in four days after she came she gave warning. Curse them all!"

My Lady's letters are surely as precious of their homelier pattern and stuff as the best bits of Sévigné were; and characteristically bear out the impression of the Stranges which we derived from Madame D'Arblay's "Memoirs of Dr. Burney," and her own journals. The great engraver did not stand in need of praise and appreciation from posterity. His

works speak for him; but it was reserved for Mr. Dennistoun to draw out and set before us the partner of his fortunes, as a clearly-marked figure in days when society was full of contrasts and characters—when Walpole could write that “my Lady Townshend would not dine anywhere for fear of meeting with a rebel

pye;” and when the Thrales and Montagues could amuse themselves with watching the odd ways in which Boswell idolized their idol Johnson; and in trying (perhaps) to worm out from the author of “*Rasselas*,” supposing him placable after a huge dinner,—what he, too, had been about in the momentous year 1746.

CHARLES LAMB.

The letters of Charles Lamb are among the most delightful in the language. Here is one, hitherto unpublished, which ought to have had a place in Talfourd's Memorials. It was written on the marriage of one of Lamb's dearest friends, only a year before he became the “superannuated man,” the “gentleman at large,” the Jacob wedded to the Rachel for whom he had waited and served so long. One may see, underneath this pleasant letter, with its quaint figures of speech half-mirthful half-mournful, how the drudgery of the desk had come to gall him at last.—*Examiner*.

My dear Barry,

I do agnise a shame in not having been to pay my congratulations to Mrs. B. and your happy self, but on Sunday (my only morning) I was engaged to a country walk; and in virtue of the hypostatical union between us, when Mary calls, it is understood that I call too, we being univocal. But indeed I am ill at these ceremonious inductions. I fancy I was not born with a call on my head, though I have brought one down upon it with a vengeance. I love not to pluck that sort of fruit crude, but to stay its ripening into visits. In probability Mary will be at Southampton Row this morning, and something of that kind be matured between you; but in any case not many hours shall elapse before I shake you by the hand. Meantime give my kindest felicitations to Mrs. B., and assure her I look forward with the greatest delight to our acquaintance.

By the way, the deuce a bit of cake has come to hand, which hath an inauspicious look at first, but I comfort myself that that Mysterious Service hath the property of Sacramental Bread, which mice cannot nibble, nor time moulder.

I am married myself—to a severe stepwife—who keeps me, not at bed and board, but at desk and board, and is jealous of my morning aberrations. I cannot slip out to congratulate kinder unions. It is well she leaves me alone o' nights—the damn'd Day-hag BUSINESS. She is even now peeping over me to see I am writing no Love Letters. I come, my dear. Where is the Indigo Sale Book?

Twenty adieus, my dear friends, till we meet.

Yours most truly,

C. LAMB.

Leadenhall, 11th November, '24.

A Correspondent, who gives his name, forwards an extract, with a correction, from a MS. of Campbell's most famous song:—

“I have lately received, amongst a number of autographs, a manuscript of Campbell's naval ode, ‘Ye Mariners of England,’ in the autograph of the poet. The interest attaching to this manuscript is, that therein the poet makes an alteration, which, I believe, has not yet been noted in any edition of his works. There can be little doubt but that most of your readers would admit the correction, even without knowing in what forcible language the poet condemns the original. I annex the passage:—

‘The meteor flag of England
Shall yet terrific burn,
Till danger's troubled night depart
And the morn of peace return.*

* * * * *

‘Edinburgh, 1839. THOMAS CAMPBELL.

*Notice here, night and morn of peace. This is an important correction. The other was damnable indeed:—see O. & B.'s edition. T. C.

—You will perceive in the correction is, ‘morn’ for *Star*.—Yours, etc. R. H. B.

—The word is usually printed “star;” and we are far from feeling certain that the alleged correction would improve either the music or the sense. Campbell, however, had a right to choose between the two words.—*Athenæum*.

VITRIOLISED BONES.—A correspondent asks an opinion as to the “efficacy of vitriolized bones,” which are being introduced into his district. We have no hesitation in saying that a compound of bones and sulphuric acid—oil of vitriol of commerce—is one of the most valuable auxiliaries to the turnip grower. Ground bones had long been used with great effect as manure for turnips and grass land, when it was suggested, we believe by Liebig, that if bones were digested with sulphuric acid, their action on plants would be greatly increased, and upon this hint has been founded the numerous “superphosphate” manures now so much in use. More recently these manures have been in a great measure compounded coprolites—fossil dung—instead of bones, which have become comparatively scarce and dear; and, though inferior to bones, this compound is still a good manure. The great thing the farmer has to do, is to take care that he buys a genuine article, and then he may be sure that bones and acid will do much in growing good crops of turnips.—*Economist*.

From Household Words.

FATALISM.

ONE of the popular tales current among the Servians—which we take from a collection made by Wuk Stephanovitch Karadschitsch—emphatically illustrates a well-known oriental doctrine, and suggests how stern a curse such doctrine becomes to the people among whom it is once admitted.

Once upon a time there were two brothers who lived together. One was industrious and did everything, the other was lazy and did nothing except eat and drink. Their harvests were always magnificent, and they had plenty of oxen, horses, sheep, pigs, bees, and all else. The brother who did everything said to himself one day, "Why should I work for this idler? It is better that we should part." He said, therefore, "My brother, it is not just that I should do everything, whilst thou doest nothing but eat and drink. I have decided, therefore, that we ought to part." The other sought to turn him from his purpose, saying, "Brother, let not that be so; we prosper as we are, and behold all things are in thy hands, as well those which belong to me, and those which are thine. Thou knowest also that whatever thou wilt thou doest, and I am content." But the elder persisted in his resolution, and the younger yielded, saying, "If it must be so, yet I will have no part in this act. Make the division as thou wilt." The division was then made, and each brother took what was his portion.

Then the idler hired a herdsman for his cattle, and a shepherd for his sheep, another herdsman for his goats, a keeper for his swine, and yet another for his bees; and said to them all "I entrust my property to you, and may God keep you." Having done that, he continued to live as before.

The worker, on the contrary, continued to exert himself as he had always done. He kept no servants, but himself attended to his own affairs. Nevertheless all went wrong with him, and he became poorer every day, until at last he did not possess even a pair of shoes, and was obliged to walk about barefooted. Then he said to himself, "I will go to my brother and see how it is now with him."

His way was over land covered with grass. He saw a flock of sheep feeding there unattended by a shepherd. Near them sat a beautiful girl, who was sewing with a golden thread. After having saluted her, he asked to whom the flock belonged; and she answered, "To whom I belong, these sheep also belong."

"And who art thou?" he inquired.

She replied, "I am the Genius of thy brother."

Then was this man's soul filled with rage and envy, and he said to her, "But my Genius, where is she?"

The girl said, "Ah! she is far from thee."

"Can I find her?" he asked.

She answered, "Yes; after long travel."

And when he heard this, he went straightway to his brother; who, when he saw his wretched state, was filled with grief, and, bursting into tears, said to him, "Where hast thou been so

long?" And when he had heard all, and knew that his brother wished to go in search of his far-distant Genius, he gave him money and a pair of shoes.

After the two brothers had remained some days together, the elder one returned to his own house, threw a sack upon his shoulders, into which he put some bread, took a stick in his hand, and set out to walk through the world to seek his Genius. Having travelled for some time, he found himself at last in the midst of a great wood, where he saw, asleep under a bush, a frightful hag. He strove long to awaken her, and at last in order to do so put a snake down her back; but even then she moved with difficulty, and only half unclosing her eyes, said to him, "Thank Heaven, man, that I am sleeping here; for had I been awake thou wouldst not have possessed those shoes."

He said, "Who then is this that would have prevented me from having on my feet these shoes?"

And the hag replied, "I am thy Genius."

When the man heard that, he smote himself upon the breast, and cried, "Thou! Thou my Genius? May Heaven exterminate thee! Who gave thee to me?"

And the hag replied, "It is Fate."

"And where is Fate?" he asked.

The answer he received was, "Go and search for him." And the hag disappeared.

Then the man went in search of Fate. After a long, long journey, he again entered a wood; and, in this wood, found a hermit, whom he asked whether he could tell where Fate was to be found. The hermit said, "Go up that mountain, my son, and thou wilt reach his castle; but, when in his presence, do not speak to him. Whatever thou shalt see him do, that do thou, until he questions thee." The traveller having thanked the hermit, took the road which led up the mountain.

But, when he had arrived at the castle, he was much amazed at its magnificence. Servants were hurrying in all directions, and everything around him was of more than royal splendor. As for Fate, he was seated at a table quite alone; the table was spread, and he was in the act of supping. When the traveller saw that, he seated himself, and ate with the master of the house. After supper, Fate went to his couch, and the man retired with him. Then, at midnight, there was heard the rushing of a fearful sound through all the chambers of the castle, and, in the midst of the noise a voice was heard crying aloud, "Fate! Fate! To-day such and such souls have come into the world. Deal with them according to thy pleasure!" Then, behold, Fate arose, and opened a gilt coffer full of golden ducats, which he sowed upon his chamber-floor, saying, "Such as I am to-day, you shall be all your lives!"

At the break of day, the beautiful castle vanished; and, in its place, stood an ordinary house; but a house in which nothing was wanting. When the evening came Fate sat down to supper, and his guest sat by his side; but not a word was spoken. When they had done supper they went to bed. At midnight the rushing sound was heard again; and, in the midst of the

noise, a voice cried, "Fate! Fate! Such and such souls have seen the light to-day. Deal with them according to thy pleasure!" Then, behold, Fate opened a silver-coffer; but there were no ducats therein, only silver money, with a few gold pieces mingled. And Fate sowed this silver on the ground, saying, "Such as I am to-day, you shall be all your lives!"

At break of day this house also had disappeared; and, in its place, there was one smaller still. Every night the same thing happened, and every morning the house became smaller and poorer, until at last it was nothing but a miserable hovel. Then Fate took a spade and dug the earth, the man doing the same. And they worked all day. In the evening Fate took a piece of bread and broke it in two pieces, and gave one to his guest. This was all they had to eat; and, when they had eaten it, they went to bed. During all this time, they had not exchanged a word.

At midnight the same fearful sound was heard, and the voice which cried, "Fate! Fate! Such and such souls have come into the world this night. Do unto them according to thy pleasure!" And, behold, Fate arose, and opened a coffer, and took out of it stones, and sowed them upon the earth, and among the stones were small pieces of money. This he did, repeating at the same time, "Such as I am to-day, you shall be all your lives."

When morning returned, the cabin had disappeared, and the palace of the first day had come back again. Then, for the first time, Fate spoke to his guest, and said, "Why camest thou here?" The other told him truly all the story of his journey, and its cause, namely, to ascertain why Fate had awarded to him a lot so unhappy. And Fate answered, "Thou didst see how, on the first

night, I sowed ducats, and what followed. Such as I am in the night wherein a man is born, such will that man be during all his life. Thou wert born on a night when I was poor, and thou wilt remain poor all thy days. As for thy brother, he came into the world when I was rich, and rich will he be ever. Yet, because thou hast labored hard to seek me, I will tell how thou mayst aid thyself. Thy brother has a daughter named Miliza, who was born in a golden hour. When thou returnest to thy country take her for thy wife. Only take heed that of whatsoever thou shalt afterwards acquire, say that it is hers,—call nothing thine."

And the man, thanking Fate, departed. When he had come back to his own country, he went to his brother, and said, "Brother, give me Miliza; for thou seest that without her I am alone." The brother answered: "I am glad at thy request. Take her, for she is thine." Therefore he took her to his house; and, from that time, his flocks and herds began to multiply, so that he became rich. But he was careful to exclaim aloud, every day, "All that I have is Miliza's!"

One day he went to the field to see his crops, which were all rustling and whispering to the breeze songs of plenty; when, by chance, a traveller passed by, who said to him: "Whose crops are these?" And he, without thinking, replied, "They are mine." Scarcely had he finished speaking, when, behold, the harvest was on fire and the flames leapt from field to field. But, when he saw this he ran with all his speed after the traveller, and shouted, "Stop, brother! I told you a lie. These crops are not mine, they are my wife's!" The fire went out when he had spoken, and from that hour he continued to be—thanks to Miliza—rich and happy

ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY-TWO INVALIDS arrived at Chatham from the Crimea. Many of the cavalry soldiers show the effect of severe sabre wounds, received at the grand charge at Balaklava. They all speak in the very highest and grateful terms of Miss Nightingale, and relate an anecdote of that lady which saved the lives of many of them. A considerable quantity of invalids arrived at Scutari from the Crimea in a very bad state, and bedding and other articles were demanded from the person known as the storekeeper, who, when applied to for the articles, refused to deliver them without a written order from the head of his department. Miss Nightingale, seeing the emergency of the case, offered to make good the articles required if they were disallowed. The storekeeper would not yield, when Miss Nightingale, finding anything she could say of no avail, addressed herself to a few of the stoutest of the men to break open the door of the store, which they soon effected, and with her own hands served out what was required, telling the storekeeper, who was looking on with the key in his hand, that she alone was responsible for what had been done.

Lecture on the Pendulum-Experiments at the Harton Pit. By G. B. Airy. (Longman & Co.)—The Astronomer Royal delivered this lecture at South Shields in October last, and he has added a letter containing the results of the experiments, briefly stated. Since the lecture was given extempore, and has been written from memory, it is less formal than such discourses usually are. Prof. Airy adopts a familiar style, while ascribing large importance to the results of his experiments in Harton Pit. He told his audience that he was to some unrevealed philosopher as a quarryman to an architect—he was bringing to the surface, squaring and chiselling, a corner-stone for a new edifice of scientific truth; and he explained the ultimate purpose of his investigations to be that of giving the means of weighing, by the use of a pound-weight, not only the Earth, but also the Sun, Jupiter, and all the principal bodies of the solar system. We have no doubt that a popular explanation of the Harton Pit experiments, from the pen of the Astronomer Royal himself, will be acceptable to the public.—*Athenæum*.

From The Morning Chronicle.

The Chinese Empire. By M. HUC, formerly Missionary Apostolic in China. 2 vols. London: Longman and Co.

SOME time ago a considerable sensation was made in the literary world by the publication of a work containing the travels of two French missionaries (M. Huc and M. Gabet) in the kingdoms of Tartary and Thibet. Though the travels were said to be the joint composition of the two missionaries, yet it was well understood that the authorship was, strictly speaking, the work of M. Huc alone, and, indeed, the stamp of an individual mind was visible on every page. Such a racy book of travels had rarely been published. It was full of personal anecdote and of perilous adventure, bordering at times upon the marvellous; but the whole was related in a quiet and unexaggerated tone, with a fund of sly humor, and a keen eye for the ridiculous, which made the volume immediately popular with all classes, who, in this country at least, were quite astonished to find that a missionary could be a humorist, and that a Jesuit could be so frank and unpretending. Add to this that though there was little in the work bearing upon the great and special purpose for which these good men went into the wilds of Tartary, it was not less apparent that the subject of religion formed the great business of their lives, that it had penetrated their very being; and that its predominating influence over their tempers showed itself in a thousand minute actions and remarks, so simple, and rising so naturally out of these circumstances, that it was impossible to suppose they could have been assumed for mere purposes of display. In a word, the reading public was introduced to the labors of an intelligent, frank, and good-humored traveller, whose character was as much depicted as his adventures in his writings, and was found to be as much worth studying; and they prized both accordingly.

M. Huc terminated his former volumes with an account of himself and his colleague being brought, at the instance of the Chinese authorities, from the capital of Thibet, and conducted to the borders of the Chinese empire, under an escort which was destined to conduct them to Canton, and there to expel them from the Flowery Empire. At the close of that volume he intimated his intention, if circumstances favored him, to give to the world, at some future day, a narrative of this forced journey through the heart of the Chinese empire, from the north-west to the extreme south. That promise he has fulfilled in the two volumes now before us, which abound in the same comic humor, the same quiet sarcasm, the same self-possessed courage which, charmed the readers of the former volumes. But

there is more than this. There is, probably, no traveller who had greater opportunities for becoming acquainted with the peculiarities of Chinese habits and character than our author; and, we may add, few could have availed themselves of these opportunities so well, or turned them to so good account. Though a prisoner, he was throughout his whole journey treated with the most profound respect, travelling in all the pride and pomp of a high Government functionary, attended humbly by mandarins, and surrounded by a military escort; and he was brought into constant and intimate relation with persons of the highest rank in the country. It is difficult to explain how a person who had fallen under the suspicions of this very suspicious people should have been treated with so much respect; and M. Huc does not trouble himself to remove any misgivings his readers may entertain in consequence. Strong, apparently, in the consciousness of his veracity, he contents himself with relating facts, leaving the explanations to take care of themselves. But, as we read on, some light begins to break upon us. Intimately versed in the peculiarities of the Chinese character, from long residence in the country, M. Huc early made up his mind to frighten and astonish the natives by his sublime audacity. The plan succeeded perfectly. The Chinese authorities had made all their dispositions with a view to frighten our traveller and overawe him with the splendor of their appearance. The good missionary saw through the artifice, and turned the tables upon them, by insisting upon being everywhere treated with the respect due to a mandarin of the first class. Did they wish him to travel? He must have a palanquin for the purpose, with relays of bearers. Such audacity on the part of a prisoner was monstrous, and could not be tolerated. M. Huc quietly replied he was sorry for this difference of opinion, but he really could not walk—he must be carried. Many arguments ensued, but the missionary remained inflexible, and the point was conceded. Then, again, as to dress, he determined—but here M. Huc ought to tell his own story:—

We provided ourselves with magnificent black satin boots, adorned with soles of dazzling whiteness. So far the Tribunal of Rites had no objection; but when we proceeded to gird up our loins with red sashes, and cover our heads with embroidered yellow caps, we caused a universal shudder among all beholders, and the emotion ran through the town like an electric current, till it reached the civil and military authorities. They cried aloud that the red sash and the yellow cap were the attributes of Imperial Majesty—allowable only to the family of the Emperor, and forbidden to the people under pain of perpetual banishment. On this point the

Tribunal of Rites would be inflexible, and, we must reform our costume accordingly. We, on our side, alleged that, being strangers, travelling as such, and by authority, we were not bound to conform to the ritual of the Empire, but had the right of following the fashion of our country, which allowed every one to choose the form and color of his garments according to his own fancy. They insisted—they became angry—they flew into a furious passion; we remained calm and immovable, but vowing that we would never part with our sashes and yellow caps. Our obstinacy was not to be overcome, and the mandarins submitted—as they ought to do.

This obstinacy was the means of procuring for them great consideration on the road, the impression everywhere being created that they were persons of high distinction, travelling on some special business of the Emperor. So it was at a later period of their journey, when they were introduced to the Viceroy of the province of Sse-tchouen. Every effort was made to induce the western travellers to conform to the custom of the country by prostrating themselves before the representative of the Emperor; but again they were immovable in their resolution to refuse the ceremony—not that they cared much for the thing in itself, but because they foresaw that compliance here would be attended with inconvenience hereafter. In vain they were told that they could not see the Viceroy if they did not prostrate themselves. They replied that, much as the loss would grieve them, they must in that case forego the honor; and, as usual, the Chinese allowed the quiet, passive obstinacy of the westerners to conquer their childish bullying. In this way the missionaries went on, never moving out of their own course, and succeeded in awing into submission the boasting but, at heart, cowardly mandarins, who must have been sadly puzzled to know what to make of such singular specimens of quiet obstinacy, attended with a quizzing sort of respect, which not even its unreality, we should think, would prevent the mandarins from observing covered a large amount of ridicule and contempt. Take, for instance, the following scene before the tribunal of the Viceroy, when the missionaries had reason to expect that they might become martyrs for their faith:—

Whilst the president was interrogating us, which he did with apparent good nature and affability, we remarked that the person seated on his right hand, his Ngan-tcha-sse, or inspector of crimes, a kind of attorney-general, a wrinkled old man with a face like a polecat, who rocked himself about, muttered continually between his teeth, and seemed vexed at the turn the discussion was taking. After finishing the examination of the little casket, the president became again silent and motionless as before, and the

malicious public accuser began to speak. He made great use of his opportunity; discoursed with great volubility concerning the majesty of the Celestial Empire, and the inviolability of its territory; reproached us with our audacity, with our vagabondizing life about the provinces and among the tributary nations; and then fired off at us a volley of questions, which certainly proved his eager desire to become acquainted with every particular concerning us. He asked who had introduced us into the empire; with whom we had entered into any relation; whether there were many European missionaries in China, where they lived, what resources they could command for their subsistence; and finally, a crowd of questions that appeared to us exceedingly impertinent. His tone and manner, too, were by no means in accordance with politeness and the "rites;" and it became necessary to give this man a lesson, and moderate his impetuosity. Whilst he was perorating at a great rate, and allowing his eloquence to overflow into all sorts of subjects, we listened to him with great calmness and patience. When he had finished, we said to him:—"We men of the West, you see, like to discuss matters of business with coolness and method; but your language has been so diffuse and violent that we have scarcely been able to make out our meaning. Be so good as to begin again, and express your thoughts more clearly and more peaceably."

These words, pronounced with great slowness and gravity, had all the effect we could have desired; whispers and significant smiles began to circulate through the assembly, and the judges cast jocose glances at the "Inspector of Crimes," who was evidently quite disconcerted. He wished to resume his speech; but his ideas had become so confused that he did not seem to know what he had been saying.

We then addressed the president, saying that, as we found nothing but disorder and confusion in the speech of the Inspector of Crimes, we could not possibly reply to it; and begging that he would himself continue the examination as "We men of the West admired dignity and precision of language."

These words tickled the vanity of the president; he returned to us our cajolery with interest; and at last inquired who had brought us to China, and with whom we had lodged.

"Our hearts are saddened," we replied, "that we are not able to satisfy you on this point. We will speak to you of ourselves as much as you please; but of those who have been in relation with us, never a word. Our resolution on that point has been long since taken, and there is no human power capable of inducing us to alter it."

"But you must answer," cried the Inspector of Crimes, gesticulating violently; "you must answer. How else would truth be found in this investigation?"

"The president has questioned us in a noble and authoritative manner, and we have replied to him with simplicity and frankness. As for you, Inspector of Crimes, we have already said we do not understand you."

The Assessor of the Left here cut short the

dispute by giving us a large sheet of paper to examine. It contained nothing but an alphabet of European letters coarsely drawn. Probably it had been obtained in the pillage of some Christian establishment, where young Chinese were being brought up to the ecclesiastical profession.

"Do you know that paper?" asked the Assessor.

"Yes! They are the twenty-four radical signs, with which all the words of our language are constructed."

"Can you read them, and let us hear the sound of them?"

"One of us had then the complaisance to repeat solemnly his A B C; and during the time each of the judges drew from his boot, which in China often serves for a pocket, a copy of the alphabet, in which the pronunciation of every European letter had been given, better or worse, in Chinese characters. It seems that this incident had been concerted and prepared beforehand.

Every judge had his eyes intently fixed upon the paper, and doubtless promised himself to make in this one lesson great progress in a European language. The Assessor of the Left, keeping his eyes and the fore-finger of his right hand fixed on the first letter, and addressing himself to one of the prisoners who had just said A B C, begged him to repeat the letters slowly, and pause a little on each.

The prisoner, making four steps forward, and politely extending his alphabet towards the philosophical judge, observed:—

"I had thought we came here to submit to

trial; but it seems we came here to be schoolmasters, and you to be our scholars."

A peal of laughter shook the assembly, in which the solemn president, and even the Inspector of Crimes, took part; and thus terminated their lesson in our language.

On the subject of the present insurrection in China being connected with a Christian movement, M. Huc expresses great scepticism. Some allowance is, no doubt, to be made for the fact that it has certainly arisen independent of the Church to which he belongs, and there is enough in the actions of the insurgents to throw doubts upon the purity of that Christianity by which they profess to be actuated; but surely our author goes too far in suggesting that the movement may have a Mohammedan source. He does not advance a single fact in support of his theory, which must be set down, we imagine, in great measure, to the author's jealousy of the labors of other denominations of Christians, towards whom, in various parts of the work, he manifests no small degree of aversion. But this little feature adds rather to the character and individual stamp of the work; we have the man with all his peculiarities and all his prejudices brought immediately before us, and the result is the production of one of the most fascinating books of travel that has come under our notice.

The *Charivari* has the following *jeu d'esprit* on the conferences at Vienna:—"In a group before the Passage de l'Opéra, the following telegraphic despatches were read aloud on Saturday:—"Vienna, two o'clock. Nothing has transpired concerning the conferences. The probabilities are in favor of peace."—"Vienna, three o'clock. Nothing is known of what has passed in the conferences. The probabilities of peace are becoming stronger and stronger."—"Vienna, four o'clock. The deepest mystery continues to prevail concerning the conferences. No serious doubt can now be entertained of their pacific termination." All this was very satisfactory, and, the moment after, M. Gogo said to M. Prudhomme, "Just imagine what I have just heard."—"I can't say, do tell me."—"Count de Buol has pronounced a pacific speech."—"I know that."—"But that is not all."—"What is there more?"—"The Russian and allied plenipotentiaries saluted each other very courteously."—"You don't say so!"—"Absolutely, Prince Gortschakoff asked Lord Westmoreland how he did, and M. de Titoff inquired of M. Bourqueney how his cold was getting on."—"Well, that is strange."—"It is, I assure you, as I say. These, you must admit, are pacific symptoms."—"Oh! beyond a doubt!"—"If this intelligence be true, we ought to have a rise of at least three francs at the Bourse."—"No doubt of it!" On the above sys-

tem of interpretation, the following, we are assured, are to be the next telegraphic despatches:—"Vienna, Monday evening. Prince Gortschakoff has just issued from the conference; he had no appearance whatever of a black eye."—"Vienna, Tuesday morning. Count de Buol has just left the third conference, without the slightest mark of a contusion on the nose. There cannot be any doubt of peace."

A HINT TO MECHANICIANS.

An operative coal-miner calls our attention to the antiquated and imperfect tools which he and others employ in excavation, and suggests that 'some great mechanical genius' should try to invent a machine for digging coal—as, for example, a circular-saw moved by steam-power, if such be at all practicable. We suspect there are serious difficulties in the way of making such improvements, otherwise they would long since have been attempted. The hint of our correspondent, however, may not be without its use, in exciting the ingenuity of mechanicians. In America, field-drains are now dug with a rotary excavating-machine, while we are still using spades and pickaxes. Perhaps the Americans may also get the start of us in employing machines to dig coal.—*Chambers's Journal*.

THE DEATHBED OF THE EMPEROR.

We are indebted to a mercantile house in this city for the following translation, made in St. Petersburg, of the official account of the death of Nicholas. It differs in some particulars from the account published in the English papers, and is of course more reliable: [*Boston Journal*].

The last moments of the late Emperor NICHOLAS I., of Russia of blessed memory.

On the 27th of January (February 8, N. S.), the Emperor was taken ill with influenza, but continued to occupy himself as usual with the affairs of the State. A few days after, namely, on the 9th of February, (21st, n.s.), he felt himself somewhat better, and, contrary to the advice of his doctors, (Mandt and Carell), after having been present at the celebration of Divine Service at the palace church, went out to the parade-house of the Engineer corps* to inspect the battalions of the Ismailoff regiment and the regiment of Sharpshooters, which were preparing to march off. "Your Majesty," said Dr. Carell to him, "there is not a doctor in the whole of your army who would allow the meanest of your soldiers to leave the hospital in such a state as your majesty is in, and with such a frost (23 deg. Reaumur—equal to 20 deg. below zero of Fahrenheit), it is my duty to require that your majesty should not leave your room." "You have done your duty," answered the Emperor, "let me do mine." At one o'clock the Emperor went to the parade-house, without even taking the precaution of dressing himself a little warmer, contrary to the advice of the Hereditary Grand Duke Alexander, and the request of his immediate attendants.

After the inspection of the soldiers, his Majesty went to see the Grand Duchess Helen Pavlovna, widow of his late brother the Grand Duke Michael, and from her palace to the Minister of War, who was then unwell; on returning he felt himself worse than on the day before. The cough and the difficulty of breathing, which had troubled him for some days previously, now increased. His Majesty passed the night without sleep, but the next day, the 10th February, (22d, n.s.), he went again to the same parade-house to inspect the reserve battalions of the Semenoffsky and Presbrajensky regiments, and the men of the reserve half battalion of scppers. From this day all the symptoms of his malady became more severe, and the Emperor did not leave his room. On the 11th (23d n.s.), he intended to be present at Divine service at the church, but was unable and was obliged to take to his bed. In the evening the disease appeared evidently oppressive, and dangerous symptoms began to manifest themselves with incredible rapidity. Notwithstanding his illness, the Emperor did not cease to occupy himself with State affairs, and only on the 12th (24th n.s.), in consequence of his medical advisers insisting upon it, did he consent to leave business to the Czarovitch (Alexander.)

When the danger was considered imminent, Her Majesty the Empress, with painful heart, de-

cided to propose to her august husband to partake of the Sacrament. It must be observed that in the first week of the fast the Emperor had begun to attend the usual devotional services of Lent, and from Monday till Thursday inclusive, was daily at divine service in the church, but several times complaining of his indifferent health, expressed doubts whether he would be able to complete this Christian duty; however, notwithstanding his weakness, he never would sit during the service, although he was urged to do by the officiating minister.

The Empress, embracing this opportunity, said to him: "As you have not been able to complete the duty of confession, and to partake of the sacrament, in the first week (of Lent), would you not like to do it now, for although the state of your health is by no means dangerous, it might be well, as there have been many instances where the partaking of the Holy Sacrament has, by God's blessing, afforded relief to the sufferers." "No," said he, "I cannot perform this holy duty in bed, undressed as I am; no, I shall do it later on, when I am strong enough to do it properly. The Empress was silent, but perceiving tears in her eyes, he said: "You are crying?" "No, this is from the cold in my head." A few minutes later, the Empress began quietly to recite the Lord's Prayer. "You are praying?" "Why so?" "I am praying for your recovery." "Am I in danger, then?" "No ——" Her Majesty had not fortitude enough to answer affirmatively. "But you are in great anxiety, you are tired, go and rest yourself." The Empress then withdrew.

About 3 o'clock (A. M.), His Majesty said to Dr. Mandt: "Tell me candidly what my illness is; you know I have always commanded you to apprise me in good time, if my illness should happen to be serious, in order that I might not omit the performance of my last Christian duties." "I cannot conceal from your majesty, that the disease is assuming a serious aspect. Your right lung is attacked." "You mean to say that there is a danger of its being paralyzed?" "If the disease does not yield to our efforts, this may take place, but as yet we do not see any appearance of it, and do not lose hopes of your recovery." "Ah! now I understand my position; I know what I have to do." After dismissing the doctor, he called to the heir apparent, and quietly communicated to him his hopeless state, adding—"I hope you have not yet said anything to your mother, and will not do so just yet; let my confessor be called in." The Rev. Mr. Bojanoff was already at the palace. The Empress came into the room. While the reverend father was reading the prayers preparatory to Confession, the Emperor blessed the Empress, and the Czarovitch, who knelt by his bed. After that they left the room.

Having performed the duty of confession, he crossed himself, saying: "I pray to the Lord to receive me into His embrace." Then he partook of the Holy Sacrament (which at his desire was performed in the presence of Her Imperial Majesty and the Czarovitch) with perfect presence of mind, and affecting devotion and extraordinary calmness; repeated the prayer beginning

* Formerly Paul's Palace.

"I believe and confess" (a somewhat lengthy one), from beginning to end in a firm voice. He then called in the Grand Duchess Czarena, wife of Alexander, the Grand Duke Constantine, and his wife the Grand Duchess Alexandra Jossifovna; the Grand Duchess Mary Nicolaevna, his eldest daughter, widow of late Duke of Leuchtenberg, and Helen Pavlovna, widow of his late brother Michael, and his grand children, who all passed the night without sleep in the adjoining rooms. He informed them of his approaching decease with firmness, took leave of, and blessed them all.

The words pronounced by him in these sacred and solemn moments, will be forever impressed in the hearts of the bereaved family. The Empress exclaimed: "My God! Why cannot I die with thee!" His Majesty replied: "Thou must live for them," and turning to the heir apparent, he said: "You know that all my cares, all my efforts were directed to the good of Russia; my desire has been to continue these efforts, in order to leave the empire to you in a prosperous state, safely guarded from danger without, perfectly quiet and happy within; but you see at what time and under what circumstances I die—such is the will of God. It will be hard for you." The grand duke heir apparent, drowned in tears, replied: "If it is decreed that I should lose you, I am sure you will even then pray to God for Russia, for us all; implore His holy assistance for me to bear this heavy burden, laid upon me by Himself." "Yes, I always prayed for Russia and for you all. I shall pray to Him then, and you," continued he, (addressing himself to the august family, who surrounded his dying couch) pointing to the Empress, "remain as you always have been hitherto, in the close bonds of family affection."

The Emperor then commanded Count Adler-

berg, (master of the household,) Count Orloff, (head of the Corps de Gendarmes,) and Prince Dolgorovkay, (minister of war,) to be called in; thanked them in touching terms for their services, for their tried devotedness, and recommended them to the heir apparent, blessed them and took leave of them; and then addressing himself once more to the Czarovitch and to Count Adlerberg, gave his last orders respecting his funeral, named the room in the lower story of the winter palace where his mortal remains were to lie in state, mentioned the place in the Peter and Paul's church (in the fortress) for his grave; requested that the funeral should be performed with as little show as possible, without any pompous catafalque, or any grand decorations in the rooms or church, in order to avoid unnecessary expense. Lastly, he ordered his immediate attendants to be called in, thanked them, and blessing them, bade them farewell.

The dying Emperor retained perfect presence of mind when the Reverend father began to read the commendatory prayers, and repeated the same after him, with feeble voice, but with calmness. His voice soon failed. He made a sign to the confessor to approach, pressed his hand, kissed the cross on his breast, and being unable to utter a word, made a motion to him with his hand and eyes towards the Empress and heir apparent, as if asking him to pray for them. Until the last moment, he did not leave their hands, but firmly grasped them all the time.

At twenty minutes past twelve, P. M., Friday, February 18 (March 2d), the Sovereign who, for nearly 30 years, embellished the throne of Russia, who possessed in the highest degree the feeling of his sacred duties, and indefatigably exerted himself with complete self-abnegation for the good of his country—was no more.

ST. PETERSBURG, Feb. 23 (7th March), 1855.

CHAGRES RIVER.

There is an absence of variety in the scenery of the Chagres river, as throughout its whole length the banks are lined to the water's edge with vegetation. But the rich bright green at all times charms the beholder, and the eye does not become wearied with the thick masses of luxuriant foliage, for they are ever blended in grace and harmony; now towering in the air in bold relief against the sky, now drooping in graceful festoons from the bank, kissing their own reflections in the stream beneath. Every growing thing clings to and embraces its neighbor most lovingly. Here is a bunch of tangled parasites that bind a palm-tree by a thousand bands to a majestic teak; and having shown their power, as it were, the parasites ascend the topmost branch of the teak, and devote the rest of their existence to embellishing with rich festoons of their bright red flowers, the pair they have thus united. The teak, which is here a very bald tree, is much improved by the addition of these parasites, which give him quite a juvenile appearance, and form, in fact, a kind of wig, to hide the infirmities of age. Here is a dead and

well bleached sycamore tree, half thrown across the river, but still holding to the bank by its sinewy roots; and at its extremity is an ants' nest about the size of a beehive, and along the trunk and branches green leaves are seen to move about at a prodigious rate, under which ants are discovered on inspection. Immediately under the ants' nest are some glorious water-lilies, and close to these, by way of contrast, floats an alligator who has been dead some time, and hasn't kept well, and on the top of him sit two black cormorants, which, having evidently over-eaten themselves, are shot on the spot, and die lazily. So we ascend the river: Ahead, astern, on every side, are canoes. Here surmounting a pyramid of luggage, is a party of western men in red shirts and jack-boots, questioning everybody with the curiosity peculiar to their race. Presently it is my turn—"Whar bound to, stranger?" "California."—"Come along! Whar d'ye head from?" "England."—"Come along! Whar did yer get them dogs?" "No whar," I had a mind to reply; but at this stage I relapsed into dogged silence, well-knowing that there are some lanes which have no turning, and among these is a western man's curiosity. *Mountains and Molehills.*

From the New York Observer.

GRANT THORBURN AND TOM PAINE.

A short time ago, the Boston *Investigator* challenged the authenticity of a letter we published over the name of Grant Thorburn.—The paper called upon Mr. Thorburn to write for its columns his reminiscences of Paine, promised to publish every word of it, and to pay him for his labor. Mr. Thorburn writes:

For the New York Observer.

WINSTED, CT., March 20, 1855.

Esteemed Friends:—I noticed your remarks in the *Observer* of the 15th. The *Investigator* of the 7th March, wishes to be informed if the statements about Paine in the *Observer* of the 22d of February last are true. I have borrowed my wife's young eyes, and send you a copy of my answer, as follows:

To the Editor of the Boston Investigator:

WINSTED, CT., March 10, 1855.

Mr. Editor,—I was pleased when I opened your *Investigator*. Life and health being continued, I will comply with your request: *but not for money.* I will tell you the truth, as I shall stand before the Judge of all the earth in a few months; being now in my 83d year—(a step between me and death). To make the narrative plain, I must first say a few words about Wm. Carver, with whom Mr. Paine and I boarded. From my youth I admired Mr. Paine's political writings; and in my twentieth year, was a prisoner in Edinburgh, for reading and preaching his "Rights of Man." I arrived in New York in June, 1794. A few weeks thereafter, Wm. Carver arrived from England. He wrought, a journeyman blacksmith in the same shop with myself: he making horse-nails—I making wrought (not cut) nails. Mr. Paine and I boarded with Carver: hence our intimacy. He, his wife and Mr. Paine, were natives of the same town in England. I often sat with them on the winter evenings, hearing them relate their youthful pranks and deeds of riper years. Thus I learned his history from his cradle, traced him through life, and followed him to his grave in 1809. We agreed on politics, and parted, by mutual consent, on the "Age of Reason," never in anger. He married a respectable woman in the town of Lewis. She died in eleven months thereafter: a premature delivery from brutal treatment. He then married the daughter of the Collector of the port of Lewis: after three years she obtained a divorce for like treatment. In 1773, while he held an office in the Custom House (given him by his father-in-law), he was detected in taking bribes from the smug-

glers, and fled to America. He was appointed Secretary to the secret committee of the House of Congress, and took the oath of office not to divulge their secrets. He broke his oath by publishing in the Philadelphia Bulletin the project of a secret mission to the court of France by Silas Dean. He was summoned before Congress, acknowledged himself the author, and was dismissed with disgrace.—[See the Journal of Congress in 1774 or 5.] This treachery occasioned much trouble to Congress, and in the Court of Louis XVI; and nearly frustrated the coming of Gen. Lafayette, with the French fleet and army. Mr. Paine now went to France, and was chosen a member of the first Convention. For a time he helped Robespierre to establish the freedom of the press, the liberty of speech, and the rights of conscience, by means of the guillotine. Robespierre quarrelled with Mr. Paine: he was marked for the guillotine and escaped by a miracle. Mr. Jefferson sent a frigate to bring home Mr. Paine from the hands of his enemies. He arrived in the spring of 1802. I spoke with him in the City Hotel, a few hours after his arrival. He found letters urging him on to Washington. A feast was got ready, and those of like thinking were invited. Paine entered late, his face unwashed, his beard unshorn, and reeling like a drunken man. A look of consternation shone forth from every face; mirth ceased; one by one they went out, leaving Paine on his chair, fast asleep. Next day he received letters and instructions to return to New York. When Aaron Burr came back from Europe, whither he had fled after his duel with Hamilton, he kept his law office in Nassau street, near my seed store. From him I obtained the account as above stated.

Mr. Paine was absent eight or ten days.—Meantime the waiters spread abroad the fame of his intemperate, slovenly and filthy habits. The City Hotel and every decent house refused to board him. In this dilemma, William Carver took him in.

Mr. Paine was a man of strong mind, and having seen the gutters in Paris flooded with blood, his company was very interesting when not under the influence of brandy. He told me that when Louis XVI. was condemned by the Convention to suffer death, each member, on voting, was requested to state his reasons. When it came to Mr. Paine, he voted against his death. "I think, gentlemen," said Mr. Paine, "we are not making war on the person of the king, as a man. We are contending for principle. Unfortunately for Louis, he was born a king: he could not help it. Let us banish him to America: there he can do no harm. Let us spare his life and give him a sum of money to live on." I think this *the bright spot* in Paine's history. In consequence

of his very intemperate habits he was shunned by the respectable portion of his friends, many months before his death. He asked permission from the Trustees of the Society of Friends, to have his bones laid in their burying ground: they refused. He was much hurt by their refusal. His father was a member of the Society of Friends in England. Paine died of delirium tremens. His last words were, "Lord Jesus, help." He was buried in his own farm, near New York. Carver, his warm friend and admirer, assured me that Mr. Paine drank two gallons of brandy per week, during the last three months of his life: T. A. Emmet, one of his executors, told me, when Mr. Paine's affairs were all settled, a balance of 400 dollars remained for his relations in England.

Now, friend Editor, I was a free-thinker and a free voter, under the Presidency of Washington. I therefore think I have as good a right to think as any free-thinker in America. I think no republic can exist without the Bible. When the goddess of liberty was a babe in her cradle, she was rocked to maturity in the Bible shops of Massachusetts. The history of our dear sister republics, France and Mexico, are cases in point. Franklin says, "no republic can exist except the citizens are intelligent and virtuous." I am not aware that the Bible is generally read among the masses, except in Scotland and the United

States; the eastern States in particular. In all countries where it is not read, the masses are as ignorant as the brutes that perish.—Franklin, Fulton, Morse, Watts (steam-improver), Burns, Hogg, Brown, and many others, some of them never read a book, the Bible excepted, till they had seen their twentieth year. Most of the improvements in mechanics, machinery, and the useful arts of husbandry, were produced by the natives of the eastern States, where they read the Bible and reverence the Sabbath. Scotland is emphatically the land of Bibles. In Ireland (comparatively speaking) they have none: or if they have them they don't read them. This day our jails, penitentiaries, alms-houses, and state prisons are full of *Irish*. You can't find a Scotchman in any of them. In Scotland, every man, woman and child can read the Bible and write their own name. It is not so in any nation where the Bible is not read. I wish you well, my esteemed friend. We are accountable to *God only* for our opinions.—Should business lead you this way, I will be happy to see you. I would give a dollar for half an hour with you, face to face. If my name is in your paper at any time, please send me a copy. I would have written sooner, but time is short.

Thine with respect,

GRANT THORBURN,

aged 82 years.

BURYING IN LIME.

Lesketh How, Ambleside 14th March, 1855.

SIR—The Reverend E. G. Parker, one of the witnesses who gave his evidence before the Committee of inquiry relative to our Army in the Crimea, on the 9th instant, is reported as having stated, that in conversation with Lord Shaftesbury, "he had urged the necessity of making lime-kilns at Balaklava, in order to furnish lime with which to destroy the unburied horses or insufficiently-buried human bodies which now poisoned the air;" and that "Lord Shaftesbury had told him that orders had been sent out to the Sanitary Commission to take those steps."

Has this measure, I would ask, been well considered? If it be grounded on the old notion that caustic lime has the power to destroy dead bodies, it certainly has not been well considered; lime having no such property, but the contrary property, that of preserving animal matter, and this in a remarkable manner, as I have ascertained by many trials made both in this country and in Malta, and these during the heats of summer. Now, this being the case, is it not a serious question, what will be the consequences of the

measure proposed if employed? The accumulation of bodies may become enormous; and if the graves and pits in which the bodies of the men and horses are buried be not of more than ordinary depth, they will be liable to be torn up and preyed on by dogs.

Should you honor this letter by insertion in your paper, and should it meet the eye of any administrative person under Government concerned, I would refer him to the 9th volume of the Philosophical Transactions abridged; where he will find an example recorded by Dr. Parsons of the evils of burying in lime.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

JOHN DAVY, M. D.,

Inspector-General of Hospitals, H. P.

The *Athenæum Français* has commenced the issue of a weekly *Bulletin Archéologique*, which promises to increase the value of the paper. The first chapter is on Etruscan Pottery, and discusses the Sacrifice of the Dog,—a subject frequently found on the Maremma vases. The dog was sacrificed to Apollo in times of pestilence.—*Athenæum*.

From Household Words.

A GHOST STORY.

I WILL relate to you, my friend, the whole history from the beginning to nearly the end.

The first time that—that it happened, was on this wise.

My husband and myself was sitting in a private box at the theatre—one of the two large London theatres. The performance was, I remember well, an Easter piece in which were introduced live dromedaries and an elephant, at whose clumsy feats we were considerably amused. I mention this to show how calm and even gay was the state of both our minds that evening, and how little there was in any of the circumstances of the place or time to cause, or render us liable to—what I am about to describe.

I liked this Easter piece better than any serious drama. My life had contained enough of the tragic element to make me turn with a sick distaste from all imitations thereof in books or plays. For months, ever since our marriage, Alexis and I had striven to lead a purely childish, common-place existence, eschewing all stirring events and strong passions, mixing little in society, and then, with one exception, making no associations beyond the moment.

It was easy to do this in London; for we had no relations—we two were quite alone and free. Free—free! How wildly I sometimes grasped Alexis's hand as I repeated that word.

He was young—so was I. At times, as on this night, we would sit and laugh like children. It was so glorious to know of a surety that now we could think, feel, speak, act—above all, love one another—haunted by no counteracting spell, responsible to no living creature for our life and our love.

But this had been only for a year—I had thought of the date, shuddering, in the morning—for a year, from this same day.

We had been laughing very heartily, cherishing mirth, as it were, like those who would caress a lovely bird that had been frightened out of its natural home and grown wild and rare in its visits, only tapping at the lattice for a minute, and then gone. Suddenly, in the pause between the acts, when the house was half-darkened, our laughter died away.

"How cold it is," said Alexis, shivering. I shivered too; but it was more like the involuntary shudder at which people say, "Some one is walking over my grave." I said so, jestingly.

"Hush, Isabel," whispered my husband, reprovingly; and again the draught of cold air seemed to blow right between us.

We sat, he in the front, I behind the curtain of our box, divided by some foot or two of space and by a vacant chair. Alexis tried to move this chair, but it was fixed. He went round it, and wrapped a mantle over my shoulders.

"This London winter is cold for you, my love. I half wish we had taken courage, and sailed once more for Hispaniola."

"Oh, no—oh, no! No more of the sea!" said I, with another and stronger shudder.

He took his former position, looking round indifferently at the audience. But neither of us

spoke. The mere word Hispaniola was enough to throw a damp and a silence over us both.

"Isbel," he said at last, rousing himself, with a half-smile, "I think you must have grown suddenly beautiful. Look! half the glasses opposite are lifted to our box. It cannot be at me, you know. Do you remember telling me I was the ugliest fellow you ever saw?"

"Oh, Alex!" Yet it was quite true—I had thought him so, in far back, strange, awful times, when I, a girl of sixteen, had my mind wholly filled with one ideal—one insane, exquisite dream; when I brought my innocent child's garlands, and sat me down under one great spreading, magnificent tree, which seemed to me the king of all the trees of the field, until I felt its dew dropping death upon my youth, and my whole soul withering under its venomous shade.

"Oh, Alex!" I cried, once more, looking fondly on his beloved face, where no unearthly beauty dazzled, no unnatural calm repelled; where all was simple, noble, manly, true. "Husband, I thank heaven for that dear 'ugliness' of yours. Above all, though blood runs strong, they say, that I see in you no likeness to—"

Alexis knew what name I meant, though for a whole year—since God's mercy made it to us only a name—we had ceased to utter it, and let it die wholly out of the visible world. We dared not breathe to ourselves, still less to one another, how much brighter, holier, happier, that world was, now that the Divine wisdom had taken—him—into another. For he had been my husband's uncle; likewise, once my guardian. He was now dead.

I sat looking at Alexis, thinking what a strange thing it was that his dear face should not have always been as beautiful to me as it was now. That loving my husband now so deeply, so wholly, clinging to him heart to heart, in the deep peace of satisfied, all-trusting, and all-dependent human affection, I could ever have felt that emotion, first as an exquisite bliss, then as an ineffable terror, which now had vanished away, and become—nothing.

"They are gazing still, Isabel."

"Who, and where?" For I had quite forgotten what he said about the people staring at me.

And there is Colonel Hart. He sees us. Shall I beckon?"

"As you will."

Colonel Hart came up into our box. He shook hands with my husband, bowed to me, then looked round, half-curiously, half-unasily.

"I thought there was a friend with you."

"None. We have been alone all evening."

"Indeed! How strange."

"What! That my wife and I should enjoy a play alone together?" said Alexis, smiling.

"Excuse me, but really I was surprised to find you alone. I have certainly seen for the last half-hour a third person sitting on this chair, between you both."

We could not help starting; for, as I stated before, the chair had, in truth, been left between us, empty.

"Truly our unknown friend must have been invisible. Nonsense, Colonel; how can you turn

Mrs. Saltram pale, by thus peopling with your fancies the vacant air?"

"I tell you, Alexis," said the Colonel (he was my husband's old friend, and had been present at our hasty and private marriage), "nothing could be more unlike a fancy, even were I given to such. It was a very remarkable person who sat here. Even strangers noticed him."

"Him?" I whispered.

"It was a man, then," said my husband, rather angrily.

"A very peculiar-looking, and extremely handsome man. I saw many glasses levelled at him."

"What was he like?" said Alexis, rather sarcastically. "Did he speak? or we to him?"

"No—neither. He sat quite still, in this chair."

My husband turned away. If the Colonel had not been his friend, and so very simpleminded, honest, and sober a gentleman, I think Alexis would have suspected some drunken hoax, and turned him out of the box immediately. As it was, he only said:

"My dear fellow, the third act is beginning. Come up again at its close, and tell me if you again see my invisible friend, who must find so great an attraction in viewing, gratis, a dramatic performance."

"I perceive—you think it a mere hallucination of mine. We shall see. I suspect the trick is on your side, and that you are harboring some proscribed Hungarian. But I'll not betray him. Adieu."

"The ghostly Hungarian shall not sit next you, love, this time," said Alexis, trying once more to remove the chair. But possibly, though he jested, he was slightly nervous, and his efforts were vain. "What nonsense 'tis! Isabel, let us forget it. I will stand behind you, and watch the play."

He stood. I clasping his hand secretly and hard. Then, I grew quieter; until as the drop-scene fell, the same cold air swept past us. It was as if some one, fresh from the sharp seawind, had entered the box. And, just at that moment, we saw Colonel Hart's, and several other glasses levelled as before.

"It is strange," said Alexis.

"It is horrible," I said. For I had been cradled in Scottish, and then filled with German superstition; and my own life had been so wild, so strange, that there was nothing too ghastly or terrible for my imagination to conjure up.

"I will summon the Colonel. We must find out this," said my husband, speaking beneath his breath, and looking round, as if he thought he was overheard.

Colonel Hart came up. He looked very serious; so did a young man who was with him.

"Captain Elmore—Mrs. Saltram. Saltram, I have brought my friend here to attest that I have played off on you no unworthy jest. Not ten minutes since he, and I, and some others saw this same gentleman sitting in this chair."

"Most certainly—in this chair," added the young captain.

My husband bowed; he kept a courteous calmness, but I felt his hand grow clammy in mine.

"Of what appearance, sir, was the unknown acquaintance of my wife's and mine, whom everybody appears to see, except ourselves?"

"He was of middle-age, dark-haired, pale. His features were very still, rather hard in expression. He had on a cloth cloak with a fur collar, and wore a long, pointed Charles-the-First beard."

My husband and I clung hand to hand with an inexpressible horror. Could there be another man—a living man, who answered this description?

"Pardon me," Alexis said faintly. "The portrait is rather vague; may I ask you to repaint it as circumstantially as you can."

"He was, I repeat, a pale, or rather a sallow-featured man. His eyes were extremely piercing, cold, and clear. The mouth close set—a very firm but passionless mouth. The hair dark, seamed with gray—bald on the brow—"

"O heaven!" I groaned in an anguish of terror. For I saw again—clear as if he had never died—the face over which, for twelve long months, had swept the merciful sea waves, off the shores of Hispaniola.

"Can you, Captain Elmore," said Alexis, "mention no other distinguishing mark? This countenance might resemble many men."

"I think not. It was a most remarkable face. It struck me the more—because—" and the young man grew almost as pale as we—"I once saw another very like it."

"You see—a chance resemblance only. Fear not, my darling," Alexis breathed in my ear. "Sir, have you any reluctance to tell me who was the gentleman?"

"It was no living man, but a corpse that we picked up off a wreck, and again committed to the deep—in the Gulf of Mexico. It was exactly the same face, and had the same mark—a scar, cross-shape, over one temple."

"'Tis he! He can follow and torture us still; I knew he could!"

Alexis smothered my shriek on his breast.

"My wife is ill. This description resembles slightly a—person we once knew. Hart, will you leave us? But no, we must probe this mystery. Gentlemen, will you once more descend to the lower part of the house, whilst we remain here, and tell me if you still see this figure sitting in this chair?"

They went. We held our breaths. The lights in the theatre were being extinguished, the audience moving away. No one came near our box; it was perfectly empty. Except our own two selves, we were conscious of no sight—no sound. A few minutes after, Colonel Hart knocked.

"Come in," said Alexis, cheerily.

But the Colonel—the bold soldier—shrank back like a frightened child.

"I have seen him—I saw him but this minute, sitting there."

I swooned away.

It is right I should briefly give you my history up to this night's date.

I was a West Indian heiress—a posthumous,

and soon after birth, an orphan child. Brought up in my mother's country, until I was sixteen years old;—I never saw my guardian. Then he met me in Paris, with my governess, and for the space of two years we lived under the same roof, seeing one another daily.

I was very young; I had no father or brother; I wished for neither lover nor husband; my guardian became to me as the one object of my existence.

It was no love-passion; he was far too old for that, and I comparatively too young, at least too childish. It was one of those insane, rapturous adorations which young maidens sometimes conceive, mingling a little of the tenderness of the woman with the ecstatic enthusiasm of the devotee. There is hardly a prophet or leader noted in the world's history who has not been followed and worshipped by many such women.

So was my guardian, Anastasius—not his true name, but it sufficed then and will now.

Many may recognize him as a known leader in the French political and moral world—as one who, by the mere force of intellect, wielded the most irresistible and silently complete power of any man I ever knew, in every circle into which he came; women he won by his polished gentleness,—men, by his equally polished strength. He would have turned a compliment and signed a death-warrant, with the same exquisitely calm grace. Nothing was to him too great or too small. I have known him, on his way to advise that the President's soldiers should sweep a cannonade down the thronged street—stop to pick up a strayed canary-bird, stroke its broken wing, and confide it with beautiful tenderness to his bosom.

O how tender!—how mild!—how pitiful!—could he be!

When I say I loved him, I use for want of a better, a word which ill expresses that feeling. It was—Heaven forgive me if I err in using the similitude—the sort of feeling the Shunamite woman might have had for Elisha. Religion added to its intensity; for I was brought up a devout Catholic; and he, whatever his private dogmas might have been, adhered strictly to the forms of the same church. He was unmarried, and most people supposed him to belong to that order called—Heaven knows how unlike Him from whom they assume their name—the Society of Jesus.

We lived thus—I entirely worshipping, he guiding, fondling, watching, and ruling by turns, for two whole years. I was mistress of a large fortune, and, though not beautiful had, I believe, a tolerable intellect, and a keen wit which he used to play with, as a boy plays with fireworks, amusing himself with their glitter—sometimes directing them against others, and smiling as they flashed or scorched—knowing that against himself they were utterly powerless and harmless. Knowing, too, perhaps, that were it otherwise, he had only to tread them out under foot, and step aside from the ashes, with the same unmoved, easy smile.

I never knew—nor know I to this day, whether I was dear to him or not. Useful I was, I think, and pleasant, I believe. Possibly he liked me a little—as the potter likes his clay, and the skilful mechanician likes his tools—until the clay hardened, and the fine tools refused to obey the master's hand.

I was the brilliant West Indian heiress. I did not marry. Why should I? At my house—at least it was called mine—all sorts and societies met, carrying on their separate games; the quiet, soft hand of M. Anastasius playing his game—in, and under, and through them all. Mingled with this grand game of the world was a lesser one—to which he turned sometimes, just for amusement, and because he could not cease from his métier—a simple, easy, domestic game, of which the battledore was that said white hand, and the shuttlecock my foolish child's heart.

Thus much have I dilated on him, and my own life in the years when all its strong, wild current flowed towards him; that, in what followed when the tide turned, no one may accuse me of fickleness, or causeless aversion, or insane terror of one who after all was only man, "whose breath is in his nostrils."

At seventeen I was wholly passive in his hands; he was my sole arbiter of right and wrong—my conscience—almost my God. As my character matured, and, in a few things, I began to judge for myself, we had occasional slight differences—began, on my part, in shy humility, continued with vague doubt, but always ending in penitence and tears. Since one or other erred, of course it must be I. These differences were wholly on abstract points of truth or justice.

It was his taking me to the ball at the Tuileries, which was given after Louis Napoleon Bonaparte had seized the Orleans property, and it was my watching my cousin's conduct there, which made me first question, in a trembling terrified way—like one who catches a glimpse of the miracle-making priest's hands behind the robe of the worshipped idol—whether, great as M. Anastasius was as a political ruler, as a man of the world, as a faithful member of the Society of Jesus, he was altogether so great when viewed beside any one of those whose doctrines he disseminated, whose faith he professed.

He had allowed me the New Testament, and I had been reading it a good deal lately. I placed him, my spiritual guide, first in venerating love, then, with a curious marvelling comparison, beside the fishermen of Galilee, beside—reverently be it spoken—beside the Divine Christ.

There was a certain difference.

The next time we came to any argument—always on abstract questions,—for my mere individual will never had any scruple in resigning to his—instead of yielding and atoning, I ceased the contest, and brought it afterwards privately to the one infallible rule of right and wrong.

The difference grew.

Gradually, I began to take my cousin's

wisdom—perhaps, even his virtues—with certain reservations, feeling that there was growing in me some antagonistic quality which prevented my full sympathy with both.

"But," I thought, "he is a Jesuit; he follows only the law of his order, which allows temporizing, and diplomatizing, for noble ends. He merely dresses up the Truth, and puts it in the most charming and safest light, even as we do our images of the Holy Virgin, using them for the adoration of the crowd, but ourselves worshipping them still. I do believe, much as he will dandle and play with the Truth, that, not for his hope of Heaven, would Anastasius stoop to a lie."

One day, he told me he should bring to my saloons an Englishman, his relative, who had determined on leaving the world and entering the priesthood.

"Is he of our faith?" asked I indifferently.

"He is, from childhood. He has a strong, fine intellect; this, under fit guidance, may accomplish great things. Once of our Society, he might be my right hand in every Court in Europe. You will receive him?"

"Certainly."

But I paid very little heed to the stranger. There was nothing about him striking or peculiar. He was the very opposite of M. Anastasius. Besides, he was young, and I had learnt to despise youth—my guardian was fifty years old.

Mr. Saltram (you will already have guessed that it was he) showed equal indifference to me. He watched me sometimes, did little kindnesses for me, but always was quiet and silent—a mere cloud floating in the brilliant sky, which M. Anastasius lit up as its gorgeous sun. For me, I became moonlike, appearing chiefly at my cousin's set and rise.

I was not happy. I read more in my Holy Book and less in my breviary; I watched with keener, harder eyes my cousin Anastasius, weighed all his deeds, listened to and compared his words: my intellect worshipped him, my memorized tenderness clung round him still, but my conscience had fled out of his keeping, and made for itself a higher and diviner ideal. Measured with common men he was godlike yet—above all passions, weaknesses, crimes; but viewed by the one perfect standard of man—Christian man—in charity, humility, single-mindedness, guilelessness, truth—my idol was no more. I came to look for it, and found only the empty shrine.

He went on a brief mission to Rome. I marvelled that, instead of as of yore wandering sadly through the empty house, its air felt freer for me to breathe in. It seemed hardly a day till he came back.

I happened to be sitting with his nephew Alexis when I heard his step down the corridor—the step which had one seemed at every touch to draw music from the chords of my prostrate heart, but which now made it shrink into itself, as if an iron-shod footfall had passed along the strings.

Anastasius looked slightly surprised at seeing us together, but his welcome was very kind to both.

I could not altogether return it. I had just found out two things which, to say the least, had startled me. I determined to prove them at once.

"My cousin, I thought you were aware that though a Catholic myself, my house is open, and my friendship likewise, to honest men of every creed. Why did you give your relative so hard an impression of me? And why did you not tell me that Mr. Saltram has, for some years, been a Protestant?"

I know not what reply he made; I know only that it was ingenious, lengthy, gentle, courteous—that for the time being it seemed entirely satisfactory, that we spent all three together a most pleasant evening. It was only when I lay down on my bed, face to face with the solemn Dark, in which dwelt conscience, truth, and God, that I discovered how Anastasius had, for some secret—doubtless blameless, nay, even justifiable purpose, told of me, and to me, two absolute lies!

Disguise it as he might, excuse it as I might, and did, they were lies. They haunted me—flapping their black wings like a couple of fiends, mopping and mowing behind him when he came—sitting on his shoulders, and mocking his beautiful, calm, majestic face—for days. That was the beginning of sorrows; gradually they grew until they blackened my whole world.

M. Anastasius's whole soul was bent, as he had for once truly told me, on winning his young nephew into the true fold, making him an instrument of that great purpose which was to bring all Europe, the Popedom itself, under the power of the Society of Jesus and its future head—Anastasius.

The young man resisted. He admired and revered his kinsman; but he himself was very single-hearted, staunch, and true. Something in that strong Truth, which was the basis of his character, struck sympathy with mine. He was very much inferior in most things to Anastasius—he knew it, I knew it—but, through all, this divine element of Truth was patent, beautifully clear. It was the one quality I had ever worshipped, ever sought for, and never found.

Alexis and I became friends—equal, earnest friends. Not in the way of wooing or marriage—at least, he never spoke of either; and both were far, oh how far! from my thought—but there was a great and tender bond between us, which strengthened day by day.

The link which riveted it was religion. He was, I said, a Protestant, not adhering to any creed, but simply living—not preaching, but living the faith of Our Saviour. He was not perfect—he had his sins and shortcomings, even as I. We were both struggling on towards the glimmering light. So, after a season, we clasped hands in friendship, and with eyes steadfastly upward, determined to press on together towards the one goal, and along the self-same road.

I put my breviary aside, and took wholly to the New Testament, assuming no name either of Catholic or Protestant, but simply that of Christian.

When I decided on this, of course I told Anastasius. He received the tidings calmly. He had ceased to be my spiritual confessor for some

time; yet I could see he was greatly surprised; afterwards he became altogether changed.

"I wish," said I, one day, "as I shall be twenty-one next year, to have more freedom.—I wish even"—for since the discovery of my change of belief he had watched me so closely, so quietly, so continually, that I had conceived a vague fear of him, and a longing to get away—to put half the earth between me and his presence—"I wish even, if possible this summer, to visit my estates in Hispaniola!"

"Alone?"

"No; Madame Gradelle will accompany me. And Mr. Saltram will charter one of his ships for my use."

For, I should say, Alexis was, far from being a Roman Catholic priest, a merchant of large means.

"I approve the plan. It will be of advantage to your health. But Madame Gradelle is not sufficient escort. I, as your guardian, will accompany and protect you."

A cold dread seized me. Was I never to be free? Already I began to feel my guardian's influence surrounding me—an influence once of love, now of intolerable distaste, and even fear. Not that he was ever harsh or cruel—not that I could accuse him of any single wrong towards me or others: but I knew I had thwarted him, and through him his cause—that cause whose strongest dogma is that any means are sacred, any evil good, to the one great end—Power.

I had oppressed him, and I was in his hand—that hand which I had once believed to have almost superhuman strength. In my terror I believed it still.

"He will go with us—we cannot escape from him," I said to Alexis. "He will make you a priest and me a nun, as he planned—I know he did. Our very souls are not our own."

"What, when the world is so wide, and life so long, and God's kindness over all—when too I am free, and you will be free in a year—when?"

"I shall never be free. He is my evil genius. He will haunt me till my death."

It was a morbid feeling I had, consequent on the awful struggle which had so shaken body and mind. The sound of his step made me turn sick and tremble; the sight of his grand face—perhaps the most beautiful I ever saw, with its faultless features, and the half-melancholy cast given by the high bald forehead and the pointed beard—was to me more terrible than any monster of ugliness the world ever produced.

He held my fortune—he ruled my house. All visitants there came and went under his control, except Alexis. Why this young man still came—or how—I could not tell. Probably because in his pure singleness of heart and purpose, he was stronger even than M. Anastasius.

The time passed. We embarked on board the ship *Argo*, for Hispaniola.

My guardian told me, at the last minute, that business relating to his order would probably detain him in Europe—that we were to lie at anchor for twelve hours, off Havre—and, if he then came not, sail.

He came not—we sailed.

It was a glorious evening. The sun, as he went down over the burning seas, beckoned us with a finger of golden fire, westward—to the free, safe, happy West.

I say us, because in that evening we first began unconsciously to say it too—as if vaguely binding our fates together—Alexis and I. We talked for a whole hour—till long after France, with all our old life therein, had become a mere line, a cloudy speck on the horizon—of the new life we should lead in Hispaniola. Yet all the while, if we had been truly the priest and nun he wished to make us, our words, and I believe our thoughts, could not have been more angel-pure, more free from any bias of human passion.

Yet, as the sun went down, and the seabreeze made us draw nearer together, both began, I repeat, instinctively to say we, and talk of our future as if it had been the future of one.

"Good evening, friends!"

He was there—M. Anastasius! I stood petrified. All the golden finger of hope had vanished. I shuddered, a captive on his compelling arm—seeing nothing but his terrible smiling face and the black wilderness of sea. For the moment I felt inclined to plunge therein—I had often longed to plunge into the equally fearsome wilderness of Paris streets—only I felt sure he would follow me still. He would track me, it seemed, through the whole world.

"You see I have been able to accomplish the voyage; men mostly can achieve any strong purpose—at least some men. Isabel, this sea-air will bring back your bloom. And, Alexis, my friend, despite those close studies you told me of, I hope you will bestow a little of your society at times on my ward and me. We will bid you a good evening now."

He gave his nephew my powerless hand; that of Alexis, too, felt cold and trembling. It seemed as if he likewise could not resist the fate, which, born out of one man's indomitable will, dragged us asunder. Ere my guardian consigned me to Madame Gradelle, he said, smiling, but looking through me with his eyes,

"Remember, my fair cousin, that Alexis is to be—must be—a priest."

"It is impossible!" said I, stung to resistance. "You know he has proved the falseness of your creed; he will never return to it. His conscience is his own."

"But not his passions. He is young—I am old. He will be a priest yet."

With a soft hand-pressure, M. Anastasius left me.

Now began the most horrible phase of my existence. For four weeks we had to live in the same vessel; bounded and shut up together,—Anastasius, Alexis, and I; meeting continually, in the soft bland atmosphere of courteous calm; always in public—never alone.

From various accidental circumstances, I knew how, night and day, M. Anastasius was bending all the powers of his enormous intellect, his wonderful moral force, to compass his cherished ends with regard to Alexis Saltram.

An overwhelming dread took possession of me. I ceased to think of myself at all—my worldly hopes, prospects, or joys—over which

this man's influence had long hung like an accursed shadow; a sun turned into darkness,—the more terrible because it had once been a sun.—I seemed to see M. Anastasius only with relation to this young man, over whom I knew he once had so great power. Would it return—and in what would it result? Not merely in the breaking off any feeble tie to me. I scarcely trembled for that, since, could it be so broken, it was not worth trembling for. No! I trembled for Alexis's soul.

It was a soul, I had gradually learnt—more than ever perhaps in this voyage, which every day seemed a brief life, so full of temptation, contest, trial—a soul pure as God's own heaven, that hung over us hour by hour in its steady tropic blue; deep as the seas that rolled around us. Like them, stirring with the lightest breath, often tempest-tossed, liable to adverse winds and currents; yet keeping far, far below the surface a divine tranquillity,—diviner than any mere stagnant calm. And this soul full of all rich impulses, emotions, passions,—a soul which, because it could strongly sympathize with, might be able to regenerate its kind, M. Anastasius wanted to make into a Catholic Jesuit priest,—a mere machine, to work, as he, the head machine, chose!

This was why (the thought suddenly struck me, like lightning) he had told each of us severally those two lies. Because we were young, we might love—we might marry; there was nothing externally to prevent us. And then what would become of his scheme?

I think there was born in me—while the most passive slave to lawful, loving rule—a faculty of savage resistance to all unlawful, unjust power; also a something of the female wild-beast, which, if alone, will lie tame and cowed in her solitary den, to be shot at by any daring hunter; whereas if she be not alone—if she have any love-instinct at work for cubs or mate—her whole nature changes from terror to daring, from cowardice to fury.

When, as we neared the tropics, I saw Alexis's cheek growing daily paler, and his eye more sunken and restless with some secret struggle, in the which M. Anastasius never left him for a day, an hour, a minute, I became not unlike that poor wild-beast mother. It had gone ill with the relentless hunter of souls if he had come near me then.

But he did not. For the last week of our voyage, M. Anastasius kept altogether out of my way.

It was nearly over,—we were in sight of the shores of Hispaniola. Then we should land.—My estates lay in this island. Mr. Saltram's business, I was aware, called him to Barbadoes; thence again beyond seas. Once parted, I well knew that if the power and will of my guardian could compass anything—and it seemed to me that they were able to compass everything in the whole wide earth—Alexis and I should never meet again.

In one last struggle after life—after the fresh, wholesome, natural life, which contact with this young man's true spirit had given me—I determined to risk all.

It was a rich tropic twilight. We were all admiring it, just as three ordinary persons might do who were tending peacefully to their voyage end. Yet Alexis did not seem at peace. A settled, deadly pallor dwelt on his face—a restless anxiety troubled his whole mien.

M. Anastasius said, noticing the glowing tropic scenery which already dimly appeared in our shoreward view,

"It is very grand; but Europe is more suited to us grave Northerners. You will think so, Alexis, when you are once again there."

"Are you returning?" I asked of Mr. Saltram.

My cousin answered for him, "Yes, immediately."

Alexis started; then leaned over the poop in silence, and without denial.

I felt profoundly sad.—My interest in Alexis Saltram was at this time—and but for the compulsion of opposing power, might have ever been—entirely apart from love. We might have gone on merely as tender friends for years and years,—at least I might. Therefore no maidenly consciousness warned me from doing what my sense of right impelled towards one who held the same faith, and whose life seemed strangled in the same mesh of circumstances which had nearly paralyzed my own.

"Alexis, this is our last evening; you will sail for Europe—and we shall be friends no more. Will you take one twilight stroll with me?"—and I extended my hand.

If he had hesitated, or shrunk back, one second, I would have flung him to the winds, and fought my own warfare alone; I was strong enough now. But he sprang to me, clung to my hand, looked wildly in my face, as if there were the sole light of truth and trust left in the world; and as if, even there, he had begun to doubt. He did not now.

"Isbel, tell me! You still hold our faith—you are not going to become a nun?"

"Never! I will offer myself to Heaven as Heaven gave me to myself—free, bound by no creed, subservient to no priest. What is he, but a man that shall die, whom the worms shall cover?"

I said the words out loud. I meant M. Anastasius to hear. But he looked as if he heard not; only when we turned up the deck, he slowly followed.

I stood at bay. "Cousin, leave me. Cannot I have any friend but you?"

"None, whom I believe you would harm and receive harm from."

"Dare you?"

"I dare nothing; there is nothing which my church does not dare. Converse, my children. I hinder you not. The deck is free for all."

He bowed, and let us pass, then followed. Every sound of that slow, smooth step seemed to strike on my heart like the tracking tread of doom.

Alexis, and I spoke little or nothing. A leaden despair seemed to bind us closely round, allowing only one consciousness, that for a little, little time, it bound us together! He held my arm so

fast that I felt every throbbing of his heart. My sole thought was now to say some words that might be fixed eternally there—so that no lure, no power might make him swerve from his faith, the faith which was my chief warrant of meeting him—never, oh never in this world! but in the world everlasting.

Once or twice in turning we confronted fully M. Anastasius. He was walking, in his usual slow pace, his hands loosely clasped behind him—his head bent, a steely repose, even pensiveness, which was his natural look—settled in his grave eyes. He was a man in intellect too great to despise, in character too spotless to loathe. The one sole feeling he inspired was that of unconquerable fear. Because you saw at once that he feared nothing either in earth or Heaven, that he owned but one influence, and was amenable but to one law, which he called "the Church," but which was, himself.

Men like M. Anastasius, one-idea'd, all-engrossed men, are, according to slight variations in temperament, the salvation, the laughing-stock, or the terror of the world.

He appeared in the latter form to Alexis and me. Slowly, surely came the conviction that there was no peace for us on God's earth while he stood on it; so strong, so powerful, that at times I almost succumbed to a vague belief in his immortality. On this night, especially, I was stricken with a horrible—curiosity. I think it was—a wish to see whether he could die,—whether the grave could swallow him, and death have power upon his flesh, like that of other men.

More than once, as he passed under a huge beam, I thought—should it fall! as he leaned against the ship's side—should it give way! But only, I declare before Heaven, in a frenzied speculative curiosity, which I would not for worlds have breathed to human soul; especially to Alexis Saltram, who was his sister's son, and whom he had been kind to as a child.

Night darkened, and our walk ceased. We had said nothing,—nothing, except that on parting, with a kind of desperation Alexis buried my hand tightly in his bosom, and whispered, "To-morrow?"

That midnight a sudden hurriance came on. In half-an-hour all that was left of the good ship Argo was a little boat, filled almost to sinking with half-drowned passengers, and a few sailors clinging to spurs and fragments of the wreck.

Alexis was lashed to a mast, holding me partly fastened to it, and partly sustained in his arms. How he had found and rescued me I know not; but love is very strong. It has been sweet to me afterwards to think that I owed my life to him—and him alone. I was the only woman saved.

He was at the extreme end of the mast; we rested, face to face, my head against his shoulder. All along, to its slender point, the sailors were clinging to the spar like flies, but we two did not see anything in the world, save one another.

Life was dim, death was near, yet I think we were not unhappy. Our Heaven was clear; for

between us and Him to whom we were going came no threatening shadow, holding in its remorseless hand life, faith, love. Death itself was less terrible than M. Anastasius.

We had seen him among the saved passengers swaying in the boat; then we thought of him no more. We clung together, with closed eyes, satisfied to die.

"No room—off there! No room!" I heard shouted, loud and savage, by the sailor lashed behind me.

I opened my eyes. Alexis was gazing on me only. I gazed, transfixed, over his shoulder, into the breakers beyond.

There, in the trough of a wave, I saw, clear as I see my own right hand now, the up-turned face of Anastasius, and his two white, stretched-out hands, one of which had the well-known diamond-ring—for it flashed that minute in the moon.

"Off!" yelled the sailor, striking at him with an oar. "One man's life's as good as another's. Off!"

The drowning face rose above the wave, the eyes fixed direct on me, without any entreaty in them, or wrath, or terror—the long-familiar, passionless, relentless eyes.

I see them now; I shall see them till I die. Oh, would I had died!

For one brief second I thought of tearing off the lashings and giving him my place; for I had loved him. But youth and life were strong within me, and my head was pressed to Alexis's breast.

A full minute, or it seemed so, was that face above the water; then I watched it sink slowly, down, down.

We, and several others, were picked up from the wreck of the Argo by a homeward-bound ship. As soon as we reached London I became Alexis's wife.

That which happened at the theatre was exactly twelve months after—as we believed—Anastasius died.

I do not pretend to explain; I doubt if any reasoning can explain a circumstance so singular—so impossible to be attributed to either imagination or illusion. For, as I must again distinctly state, we saw nothing. The apparition, or whatever it was, was visible only to other persons, all total strangers.

I had a fever. When I arose from it, and things took their natural forms and relations, this strange occurrence became mingled with the rest of my delirium, of which my husband persuaded me it was a part. He took me abroad—to Italy—Germany. He loved me dearly! He was, and made me, entirely happy.

In our happiness we strove to live, not merely for one another, but for all the world; all who suffered and had need. We did—not shrunk from the doing—many charities which had first been planned with Anastasius—with what motives we never knew. While carrying them out, we learnt to utter his name without trembling—remembering only that which was beautiful in him, and which we had both so worshipped once.

In the furtherance of these schemes of good, it

became advisable that we should go to Paris, to my former house, which still remained empty there.

"But not, dear wife, if any uneasiness, or lingering pain, rests in your mind in seeing the old spot. For me, I love it! since there I loved Isbel, before Isbel knew it, long."

So I smiled; and went to Paris.

My husband proposed, and I was not sorry, that Colonel Hart and his newly-married wife should join us there, and remain as our guests. I shrunk a little from re-inhabiting the familiar rooms, long shut up from the light of day; and it was with comfort I heard my husband arranging that a portion of the hotel should be made ready for us, namely, two salons en suite, and leading out of the farther one of which were a chamber and dressing-room for our use—opposite two similar apartments for the Colonel and his lady.

I am thus minute for reasons that will appear.

Mrs. Hart had been travelling with us some weeks. She was a mild sweet-faced English girl, who did not much like the Continent, and was half shocked at some of my reckless foreign ways, on board steamboats and on railways. She said I was a little—just a little—too free. It might have seemed so to her; for my southern blood rushed bright and warm, and my manner of life in France had completely obliterated early impressions. Faithful and tender woman, and true wife, as I was, I believe I was unlike an English woman or an English wife, and that Mrs. Hart thought so.

Once—for being weak of nature and fast of tongue, she often said things she should not—there was even some hint of the kind dropped before my husband. He flashed up—but laughed before the next minute; for I was his, and he loved me!

Nevertheless, that quick glow of anger pained me—bringing back the recollection of many things his uncle had said to me of him, which I heard as one that heareth not. The sole saying which remained was one which, in a measure, I had credited—that his conscience was in his hand, "but not his passions."

I knew always—and rather rejoiced in the knowledge—that Alexis Saltram could not boast the frozen calm of M. Anastasius.

But I warned tame Eliza Hart, half jestingly, to take heed, and not lightly blame me before my husband again.

Reaching Paris, we were all very gay and sociable together. Colonel Hart was a grave honorable man; my husband and I both loved him.

We dined together—a lively party quarrelled. I shut my eyes to the familiar things about us, and tried to believe the rooms had echoed no footsteps save those of Mrs. Hart and the Colonel's soldierly tread. Once or so, while silence fell over us, I would start, and feel my heart beating; but Alexis was near me, and altogether mine. Therefore, I feared not, even here.

After coffee, the gentlemen went out to some evening amusement. We, the weary wives, contented ourselves with lounging about, discussing

toilettes, and Paris sights, and the fair *Empress Eugénie*—the wifely crown which my old aversion Louis Bonaparte had chosen to bind about his ugly brows. Mrs. Hart was anxious to see all, and then fly back to her beloved London.

"How long is it since you left London, Mrs. Saltram?"

"A year, I think. What is to-day?"

"The twenty-fifth—no, the twenty-sixth of May."

I dropped my head on the cushion. Then, that date—the first she mentioned—had passed over unthought of by us. That night—the night of mortal horror when the *Argo* went down—lay thus far buried in the past, parted from us by two blessed years.

But I found it impossible to converse longer with Mrs. Hart; so about ten o'clock I left her reading, and went to take half an hour's rest in my chamber, which, as I have explained, was divided from the salon by a small boudoir or dressing room. The only other entrance was from a door near the head of my bed, which I went and locked.

It seemed unbecoming to retire for the night; so I merely threw a dressing-gown over my evening toilette, and lay down outside the bed, dreamily watching the shadows which the lamp threw. This lamp was in my chamber; but its light extended faintly into the boudoir, showing the tall mirror there, and a sofa which was placed opposite. Otherwise, the little room was dusky, save for a narrow glint streaming through the not quite closed door of the salon.

I lay broad awake, but very quiet, contented, and serene. I was thinking of Alexis. In the midst of my reverie, I heard, as I thought, my maid trying the handle of the door behind me.

"It is locked," I said; "another time."

The sound ceased; yet I almost thought she had opened the door, for there came a rift of wind, which made the lamp sway in its socket. But when I looked, the door was closely shut, and the bolt still fast.

I lay, it might be, half an hour longer. Then, with a certain compunction at my discourtesy, I saw the salon door open, and Mrs. Hart appear.

She looked in, drew back hurriedly, and closed the door after her.

Of course I immediately rose to follow her. Ere doing so, I remember particularly standing with the lamp in my hand, arranging my dress before the mirror in the boudoir, and seeing reflected in the glass, with my cashmere lying over its cushions, the sofa, unoccupied.

Eliza was standing thoughtfully by the stove.

"I ought to ask pardon of you, my dear Mrs. Hart."

"Oh, no,—but I of you. I did not know Mr. Saltram had returned. Where is my husband?"

"With mine, no doubt! We need not expect them for an hour, the renegades."

"You are jesting," said Mrs. Hart, half offended. "I know they are come home. I saw Mr. Saltram in your boudoir, not two minutes since."

"How?"

"In your boudoir, I repeat. He was lying on the sofa."

"Impossible!" and I burst out laughing. "Unless he has suddenly turned into a cashmere shawl. Come and look."

I flung the folding doors open, and poured a blaze of light into the little room.

"It is very odd," fidgeted Mrs. Hart; "very odd, indeed. I am sure I saw a gentleman here. His face was turned aside,—but of course I concluded it was Mr. Saltram. Very odd, indeed."

I still laughed at her, though an uneasy feeling was creeping over me. To dismiss it, I showed her how the door was fastened, and how it was impossible my husband could have entered.

"No; for I distinctly heard you say, 'It is locked—another time.' What did you mean by another time?"

"I thought it was Fanchon."

To change the subject I began showing her some parures my husband had just bought me. Eliza Hart was very fond of jewels. We remained looking at them some time longer, and then she bade me good night.

"No light, thank you. I can find my way. The boudoir is not dark. Good night. Do not look so pale to-morrow, my dear."

She kissed me in the friendly English fashion, and we parted.

She went through rapidly, shutting my bedroom door. A minute afterward she re-appeared, breathless, covered with angry blushes.

"Mrs. Saltram, you have deceived me! You are a wicked French woman."

"Madam!"

"You know it,—you knew it all along. I will go and seek my husband. He will not let me stay another night in your house!"

"As you will,"—for I was sick of her follies. "But, explain yourself."

"Have you no shame? Have you foreign women never any shame? But I have found you out at last."

"Indeed!"

"There is—I have seen him twice with my own eyes—there is a man lying this minute in your boudoir,—and he is—not Mr. Saltram!"

Then, indeed, I sickened,—A deadly horror came over me. No wonder the young thing, convinced of my guilt, fled from me, appalled.

For, I knew now whom she had seen.

* * * *

Hour after hour I must have lain where I fell. There was some confusion in the house—no one came near me. It was early daylight when I woke and saw Fanchon leaning over me, and trying to lift me from the floor.

"Fanchon,—is it morning?"

"Yes, Madame."

"What day is it?"

"The twenty-sixth of May."

It had been *he*, then. He followed us still. Shudder after shudder convulsed me. I think Fanchon thought I was dying.

"Oh, Madame! oh, poor Madame! And Monsieur not yet come home."

I uttered a horrible cry—for my soul foreboded what either had been, or would be.

Alexis never came home again.

An hour after, I was sent for to the little woodcutter's hut, where he lay dying.

My noble husband had in him but one thing lacking—his passions were "not in his hand." When Colonel Hart, on the clear testimony of Eliza, impugned *his* wife's honor, Alexis fought and fell.

It all happened in one night, when their blood was fiery hot. By daylight, the Colonel stood, cold as death, pale as a shadow, by Alexis's bedside. He had killed him, and he loved him!

No one thought of me. They let me weep near him—unconscious as he was—doubtless believing them the last contrite tears of an—adulteress! I did not heed or try to deny that horrible name—Alexis was dying.

Towards evening he became stronger, and his senses returned. He opened his eyes and saw me, but they closed with a shudder.

"Alexis—Alexis!"

"Isbel, I am dying.—You know why. In the name of God—are you?"

"In the name of God, I am your pure wife, who never loved, even in thought, any man but you."

"I am satisfied."

He looked at Colonel Hart, faintly smiling; then opened his arms and took me into them, as if to protect me with his last breath.

"Now," he said, still holding me, "my friends, we must make all clear. Nothing must harm her when I am gone. Hart, fetch your wife here."

Mrs. Hart came, trembling violently. Woman-like, seeing my misery, even she caught my hand and wept. My husband addressed her.

Who did you see? Answer, as to a dying man who to-morrow will know all secrets. Who was the man you saw in my wife's chamber?"

"He was a stranger. I never met him before, anywhere. He lay on the sofa, wrapped in a fur cloak."

"Did you see his face?"

"Not the first time. The second time I did."

"What was he like?—Be accurate, for the sake of more than life—honor."

My husband's voice sank. There was terror in his eyes, but not *that* terror—he held me to his bosom still.

"What was he like, Eliza?" repeated Colonel Hart.

"He was middle-aged; of a pale, grave countenance, with keen, large eyes, high forehead, and a pointed beard."

"Heaven save us! I have seen him, too," cried the Colonel, horror-struck. "It was no living man you saw, Eliza."

"It was M. Anastasius!"

My husband died that night. He died, his lips on mine, murmuring how he loved me, and how happy he had been.

For many months after then I was quite happy, too; for my wits wandered, and I thought I was again a little West Indian girl, picking gowans in the meadows about Dumfries.

The Colonel and Mrs. Hart were, I believe, very kind to me. I always took her for a little

playfellow I had, who was called Eliza. It is only lately, as the year has circled round again to the spring, that my head has become clear and I have found out who she is, and—ah, me!—who I am.

This coming to my right senses does not give me so much pain as they thought it would; because great weakness of body had balanced and soothed my mind.

I have but one desire: to go to my own Alexis;—and before the twenty-fifth of May.

Now I have been able to complete nearly our story. Reader, judge between us—and him. Farewell.

ISBEL SALTRAM.

Post-Scriptum:—I think it will be well that I, Eliza Hart, should relate, as simply as veraciously, the circumstances of Mrs. Saltram's death, which happened on the night of the twenty-fifth of May.

She was living with us at our house, some miles out of London. She had been very ill and weak during May, but towards the end of the month she revived. We thought if she could live till June she might even recover. My husband desired that on no account might she be told the day of the month—she was indeed purposely deceived on the subject. When the twenty-fifth came she thought it was only the twenty-second.

For some weeks she had kept her bed, and Fanchon never left her. Fanchon, who knew the whole history, and was strictly charged, whatever delusions might occur, to take no notice whatever of the subject to her mistress. For my husband and myself were again persuaded that it must be some delusion. So was the physician, who nevertheless determined to visit us himself on the night of the twenty-fifth of May.

It happened that the Colonel was unwell, and I could not remain constantly in Mrs. Saltram's room. It was a large but very simple suburban bedchamber, with white curtains and modern furniture, all of which I myself arranged in such a manner that there should be no dark corners, no shadows thrown by hanging draperies, or anything of the kind.

About ten o'clock Fanchon accidentally quit the room, sending in her place a nursemaid who had lately come into our family.

This girl tells me that she entered the room quickly, but stopped, seeing, as she believed, the physician sitting by the bed, on the further side, at Mrs. Saltram's right hand. She thought Mrs. Saltram did not see him, for she turned and asked her—"Susan, what o'clock is it?"

The gentleman, she says, appeared sitting with his elbows resting on his knees, and his face partly concealed in his hands. He wore a long coat or cloak—she could not distinguish which, for the room was rather dark, but she could plainly see on his little finger the sparkle of a diamond ring.

She is quite certain that Mrs. Saltram did not see the gentleman at all, which rather surprised her, for the poor lady moved from time to time, and spoke, complainingly, of its being "very

cold." At length she called Susan to sit by her side, and chafe her hands.

Susan acquiesced—"But did not Mrs. Saltram see the gentleman?"

"What gentleman?"

"He was sitting beside you, not a minute since. I thought he was the doctor, or the clergyman."

And the girl, much terrified, saw that now, there was no one there.

She says, Mrs. Saltram did not seem terrified at all. She only pressed her hands on her forehead; her lips slightly moving—then whispered: "Go, call Fanchon and them all, tell them what you saw."

"But I must leave you. Are you not afraid?"

"No. Not now—not now."

She covered her eyes, and again her lips began moving.

Fanchon entered, and I too, immediately.

I do not expect to be credited. I can only state on my honor, what we both then beheld.

Mrs. Saltram lay, her eyes open, her face quite calm, as that of a dying person; her hands spread out on the counterpane. Beside her sat erect, the same figure I had seen lying on the sofa in Paris, exactly a year ago. It appeared more life-like than she. Neither looked at each other. When we brought a bright lamp into the room, the appearance vanished.

Isbel said to me, "Eliza, he is come."

"Impossible! You have not seen him?"

"No, but you have?" She looked me steadily in the face. "I knew it. Take the light away, and you will see him again. He is here, I want to speak to him. Quick, take the light away."

Terrified as I was, I could not refuse, for I saw by her features that her last hour was at hand.

As surely as I write this, I, Eliza Hart, saw, when the candles were removed, that figure grew again, as out of air, sitting by her bedside.

She turned herself with difficulty, and faced it. "Eliza, is he there? I see nothing but the empty chair. Is he there?"

"Yes."

"Does he look angry or terrible?"

"No."

"Anastasius." She extended her hand towards the vacant chair. "Cousin Anastasius!"

Her voice was sweet, though the cold drops stood on her brow.

"Cousin Anastasius, I do not see you, but you can see and hear me. I am not afraid of you now. You know, once, I loved you very much."

Here—overcome with terror, I stole back towards the lighted door. Thence I still heard Isbel speaking.

"We erred, both of us, Cousin. You were too hard upon me—I had too great love first, too great terror afterwards, of you. Why should I be afraid of a man that shall die, and of the son of man, whose breath is in his nostrils? I should have worshipped, have feared, not you, but only God."

She paused—drawing twice or thrice heavily, the breath that could not last.

"I forgive you—forgive me also. I loved you. Have you anything to say to me, Anastasius?"

Silence.

"Shall we ever meet in the boundless wide spheres?"

Silence—a long silence. We brought in candles, for she was evidently dying.

"Eliza—thank you for all! Your hand. It is so dark—and"—shivering—"I am afraid of going into the dark. I might meet Anastasius there. I wish my husband would come."

She was wandering in her mind, I saw. Her eyes turned to the vacant chair.

"Is there any one sitting by me?"

"Dear Isabel; can you see any one?"

"No one—yes"—and with preternatural strength she started right up in bed, extending her arms. "Yes! There—close behind you—I see—my husband. I am quite safe—now!"

So, with a smile upon her face, she died.

CARBUNCLES, BOILS, AND BLOTCHES PRODUCED BY GERMAN YEAST.

We have repeatedly noticed the fatality of late attacks of carbuncles, and the prevalence of diseases of that nature, which we were disposed to attribute to the state of the atmosphere, and as arising from much the same cause as the visitation of cholera. A correspondent, however, has thrown some light upon the subject, and we print his statement in the hope that the baking fraternity will be prohibited by law from using the pernicious stuff mentioned. We are protected from the sale of diseased and poisonous meat, and from the adulteration of flour, beer, and other articles, and it is absolutely necessary now that we should be protected from German yeast. Our correspondent says:—"Perhaps not the least important matter on the subject of cookery is to avoid everything calculated to injure the purity of the family bread, whether prepared at home or in the baker's oven, and that this is done to a vast extent (although unconsciously) will be at once apparent from the following statement of facts, upon which the public inquire to be informed:—It is well known that a very large proportion of the bread prepared for family use is raised by what is called German yeast—a noxious compound—imported into Hull in quantities really astounding, and where, I am credibly informed, tons of it are thrown into the sea from having become alive; yet this is used by the great majority of bakers over the kingdom to produce the bread for our vast population, who little suspect the slow poison they are daily and unconsciously consuming, and to which, from discussions in medical societies, and notices in medical journals, it seems extremely probable that the numerous cases of carbuncles and boils, which within these few years, have proved of so serious and even fatal a character, may owe their origin. It ought to be generally known that this German yeast is prepared from every species of refuse grain, and especially (where they can obtain it) from that which is wholly unfit for the food of either man or beast, and if in a state of positive putrefaction, so much the more valuable it is for their purpose, running the more rapidly and easily into fermenta-

tion. The fermentative process of this rubbish being finished, the yeast from it is collected and mixed with the rye flour, or meal, or other grain, to give it solidity, when, after being compressed into a cheesy consistence, it is sent to do its mission of mischief, by renewing its putrefactive fermentation, first, in the bread of our families, and then reproduced in the stomach of its victims. Rye, which is known to form a principal part of the food of the German peasantry, is liable, during growth, to have many of the ears blighted by a disease peculiar to itself, which blackens the grain so affected, producing what is called the "ergot of rye," which incautiously used, even in small doses as a medicine, is liable to be followed by serious consequences, and in larger doses proves a decided poison, and has been supposed to be the cause of so many cases of mortification among the German peasantry. The inference, therefore, has been reasonably drawn, that this may be a fertile source of the serious malady referred to; a disease but seldom seen—at least in its virulent form—until the use of this yeast has become so general. Where sweet brewer's yeast is procurable it will prove immeasurably superior to the German rubbish; but in my own family of twelve, where we bake all our own bread, we have not used yeast at all for nearly seven years, substituting a pure baking powder instead, which is procurable at any respectable grocer's or chemist's shop, and we may challenge all England to produce bread of equal quality and salutary tendency prepared by any other method. Anything approaching to deranged digestion or dyspeptic symptoms in any form is unknown to us; and the most vigorous health is enjoyed by all. Let me therefore recommend every family who can at all do it to bake their own bread, and avoid the chance of consuming pernicious ingredients mixed up in the staple articles of life, the purity of which is of such importance to our health and happiness. They will thus avoid swallowing a large portion of alum at each meal, which, although not strictly deleterious, is neither desirable or salutary, and as any ordinary servant may finish the baking for a good-sized family in half an hour there can be no excuse."—*Dispatch.*

From the National Intelligencer.

A DEFENCE OF LORD MAHON.

In the National Intelligencer of the 17th and 18th of January appeared a criticism, occupying twelve columns, on Lord Mahon's History of England, to which, for the sake not only of historical truth, but of literary amenity, I desire to offer a few words of reply. To this there will, I hope, be no objection, for I am sure that, if the Editors of the Intelligencer can be made aware of the personal merit and singularly amiable and tolerant character of Lord Mahon as a gentleman and a writer, they will be most happy to repair any injustice that may have been done to him; the more so as they have endorsed the adverse criticism by editorial commendation. This elaborate attack has been copied into Littell's Living Age,* at Boston, with the name of the author, Mr. Peter Force, and with the editorial comment embodied in the article itself, and thus a new and very large circulation given to it. Had I no other inducement to venture on a defence, I find one in a few lines in a private letter, now lying before me, from an eminent American statesman and man of letters, in which he says: "I have noticed with regret the harsh tone of the strictures on Lord Mahon. By what fatality is it that topics like these cannot be discussed with calmness and liberality towards those from whom we differ?" In this single sentence, or rather inquiry, is embodied a truth on which American critics would do well to meditate, and it is to the acerbity and harshness of these strictures (entirely ungenial with the author's ordinary temper) that exception mainly lies. That I may not be supposed to overstate this matter I will cite, at the risk of renewing an unpleasant feeling, one or two sentences, as for example: "With every disposition to make the amplest allowance for mistakes arising from a want of correct information — mistakes to which the most careful and the most accurate are sometimes liable; nay, more, to make a liberal allowance for his national prejudices and his over-anxious desire to vindicate the honor of his country, yet any pretence Lord Mahon may make of having rendered full justice to the opposite cause cannot, it is believed, be sustained as *honest*, on any plea of accident or ignorance." Or, again: "It will be difficult for Lord Mahon to free himself from the charge of having here *deliberately* substituted what was not adopted for what was adopted," etc. Or, the concluding

sentence: "It might be considered great discourtesy to say that some of these variations are wilful and intentional and studied, and yet it is difficult for the ingenuity of courtesy to find for them milder and at the same time strictly appropriate epithets." Now surely this is very sharp language to use in literary controversy to a distant antagonist, and one whose temper and manner, as revealed in his varied writings, are, as I have said, tolerant and gentle and courteous. "The air of candor," I quote one other harsh sentence, "which Lord Mahon appears to wear at all times," has, I am inclined to think, more reality in it than Mr. Force seems willing to concede. Certainly it has been plausible enough to impose upon readers who, like myself, have very strong American and historical revolutionary sympathies. I crave leave, on the threshold and as a matter of sound principle, to deplore the conduct of literary controversy in such a tone and temper as this, and I cannot but think that Mr. Force himself, whom the writer of this is happy to call a friend, will himself regret it. It certainly is not consistent with the judicial and dignified spirit which prevails in the columns of the Intelligencer, and which with considerate and conservative men gives it so much influence. I may be permitted to say that the bitterness of this attack on Lord Mahon is a solitary exception to uniform propriety of criticism or controversy.

It is the more to be regretted as it is very obvious that this attack has had its origin (the inference being irresistible from certain quoted phrases) in the unfortunate controversy, long since satisfactorily adjusted, as to the text of the Washington letters, between Lord Mahon and Mr. Sparks. Had Mr. Force been aware of the harm done in that controversy by injudicious interference and harsh language of parties outside the ring of actual dispute, I cannot but believe he would have modified his style of criticism. Now, it may not be amiss to state to what I allude, and of which I speak from actual knowledge. It is known that the first attacks on Mr. Sparks were made anonymously in certain New-York newspapers. They were very unkind, and personal, and intemperate. With them Lord Mahon had nothing to do and never saw them or heard of them, and I only refer to them as the origin of trouble, and as examples (I am sorry to say easily followed) of uncourteous personal criticism. In December, 1851, appeared Lord Mahon's volumes in which occurred his strictures, in some instances founded on mistake and in some not, on Mr. Sparks's print of the Washington letters. Into one harsh phrase only was Lord Mahon betrayed — "tampering with the truth of history" — and that was subsequently and gracefully withdrawn. Early in 1852 appeared Mr. Sparks's answer, both to

* The article referred to appeared in number 560 of the Living Age. We cheerfully comply with the request of the author by giving as wide a circulation to his Defence as was given to the article which elicited it. Our readers are thus presented with the *bare* and *antidote*, and can judge for themselves how far the one neutralizes the other.—ED. OF LIVING AGE.

his anonymous and to his responsible assailants—to the New York newspapers and to Lord Mahon—and that answer, though earnest and decisive, was dignified and courteous. On the score of temper and propriety of tone it was unexceptionable. Before, however, the matter advanced further, anonymous writers, or rather those who in the thin masquerade of reviewers may be so called, interposed, and at once a new element of harshness was infused. I refer to an article which appeared in the July Number (1852) of the North American Review, at the time attributed to a gentleman of known ability, and who as a sharp controversialist has acquired great reputation. No acrimonious pamphlet against the South and Southern interests was more characteristic than this sarcastic criticism on Lord Mahon. It was clearly a pendent to Mr. Sparks's Letters, and as such was printed in a separate form and circulated in large numbers in this country and in Great Britain. The writer saw many of them in England in 1852. It was calculated to add asperity to a controversy painful enough already in many of its aspects, and would have done so but for the equable and amiable manner in which Lord Mahon bore himself throughout. In August, 1852, he replied to Mr. Sparks's Letters, properly ignoring the anonymous reviewers, in a pamphlet well known to the public, to which Mr. Sparks rejoined in the fall of the year with courtesy and friendliness; and here, so far as the original parties are concerned, the matter dropped, and the literary public one way or another formed its judgment, and did justice to the motives or mistakes in which it had its origin.

Now it does seem to me a matter of regret that Mr. Force should, in his criticism, have revived the recollection of this controversy by allusions and quotation marks not to be mistaken, and of still greater regret that his own criticisms should be tinged with a personal severity and roughness such as the actual conflict never produced. He entirely exceeds the anonymous Boston reviewer of 1852. Might not criticism, the pointing out of errors, the correction of mistakes, be just as effectually done in a gentle spirit?

That I may not be supposed to do Mr. Force injustice in attributing to him what he will excuse me for calling not only unkind, but most inconsequential logic, I will refer to two matters in detail. In his first paragraph he says: "To smoothe the way for more effectually alluring the American reader, etc., Lord Mahon has affected a great veneration for the character of Gen. Washington," and then adds, though the connection or illustration I confess myself unable to discern: "it will be remembered that the Rev. Jacob Duche also professed a great veneration for the character of Washington," etc., and then follows a narra-

tive of poor Dr. Duche's backslidings. His was a sad narrative, as we all know, of uncertainty and infirmity; of a good beginning and a dismal ending; of honest loyalty to the land of his birth and defection afterwards; of a life of early promise and a death of relative dishonor; but why he was selected as the parallel or resemblance of the noble historian of this day we are yet at a loss to conceive. Shakspeare's Welshman never fancied one more grotesque. It can, I think, be shown that Lord Mahon's is not a mere professing admiration of Washington, but a persistent and genuine one, from first to last. This will presently be referred to.

But another instance of illegitimate criticism, in the form of what was meant to be an argument *ad hominem* (always a poor resource), and an offensive one, occurs in Mr. Force's specification of errors; and now that the heat of composition, the zeal which may have been excited by Lord Mahon's infinitesimal errors, have, we hope, subsided, I venture to hope he will regret having used it.

In the brief sketch of the debate on independence, Lord Mahon repeats the familiar and good natured story of the "Hatter's Sign," as given by Mr. Sparks in his Life of Franklin, accompanying, or rather excusing, it by a remark, perhaps a little stately, but very just, that "a historian ought to neglect no tale or incident, however trifling, that may illustrate the feelings which produced, or the circumstances which attended any great crisis in human affairs." Mr. Force, without any consciousness that Lord Mahon conceives this to have been "a great crisis in human affairs," quarrels with him for disfiguring the text with such an illustration, instead of putting it in a note; and, turning savagely upon him, gives him an incident that he says he thinks is worthy of insertion, though it has, to our mind, as little to do with the subject in hand as poor Dr. Duche has with Lord Mahon. Let me quote Mr. Force's exact words:—

"As the important bearing of this 'tale or incident' on a 'great crisis in human affairs' has been disposed of, it is referred to now merely to supply one of the many he has omitted that comes clearly within his rule, and is of at least equal importance with that which he has copied at length. It is an advertisement, and relates to two prisoners of war, officers of the British navy, who, on their parole of honor, were residing at Northampton, Massachusetts. Here is a copy of the advertisement:

"NORTHAMPTON, (MASS.) APRIL 29, 1776.

"The following prisoners, lately officers in the British navy, who had given their paroles of honor not to depart from the bounds of the town of Northampton without leave from the commander-in-chief, did, on the evening of the 27th inst., abscond and run away, viz. Henry Edwin Stanhope, twenty-four years of age; has lightish eyes, hair, and complexion, pitted with the small-pox, has a large nose, and is about five feet six inches

in height. Also, George Gregory, twenty-four years old, with light colored short hair, light complexion, and thin favored, about five feet eight inches high. They took away a young stone horse, almost black, with a white face and hog mane, and an old roan gelding; both good horses. It is hoped that the greatest vigilance will be exerted to apprehend the said prisoners, who, in return for the indulgence shown them, have basely violated their word of honor. Five dollars and all necessary charges will be paid for apprehending and securing either of them.

"Per order of the committee of Northampton.

"ROBERT BRECK, Chairman.

"N. B. The printers in this and the neighboring colonies are desired to insert the above in the several papers."

"This Mr. Stanhope, who 'basely violated his word of honor,' claimed to be 'the only son of the heir to one of the first earldoms in the British realm.' Such an example by a man of his high pretensions to rank and honors could not be without its effect on those of humbler birth who, like him, might be prisoners on their parole of honor. It was, in fact, an invitation to every British officer so situated to break his parole and 'abscond and run away,' and even take with him a horse not his own, but the property of a rebel. Many British officers did follow the example set by Mr. Stanhope."

Now, in all candor, let me ask, what is the appositeness of this illustrative incident? What on earth has it to do with Lord Mahon's narrative of the discussions in the Continental Congress? If Mr. Jefferson thought the story of "John Thompson, Hatter," worth preservation, if Mr. Sparks considered it worthy of reproduction in his *Life of Franklin*, I cannot well imagine how it derogates from either the truth or dignity of history for the British historian to insert it in his text, or why Mr. Force should insist on its being either excluded or put in a note. There is, indeed, to my American mind, something agreeable and characteristic in this little incident, as relieving the gravity and solemnity of the Councils of Independence. We can well fancy, and so Lord Mahon seems to have done, Franklin's good-natured smiling countenance, an old gray-haired man of seventy years, as he soothed Mr. Jefferson's fidgetedness, "writhing," as he describes himself, under criticism from all quarters. But, I again inquire, what has young Stanhope's breaking his parole in Massachusetts to do with this? What resemblance does it bear?

It is, I fear, no uncharitable construction of this misplaced illustration that, though not avowed, it was meant to give personal annoyance to Lord Mahon, who is a "Stanhope," and between whom or whose family and the young fugitive from Northampton jail Mr. Force supposes there is some connection. In point of fact I incline to think he is mistaken;

but, even if he be not, and the Stanhope of 1776 be as near of kin as possible to the Stanhope of 1855, eighty years intervening, I submit it to Mr. Force's own good judgment, and to that of the Editors of the *Intelligencer*, is it fair logic or proper literary discussion thus to go out of the way simply to give pain personally to a literary antagonist? Criticism and controversy would very soon degenerate into a very low scuffle indeed, if this mode be resorted to.

Not that I for one moment imagine that any actual annoyance will be inflicted; for my impression is that, though Midshipman Stanhope, in his letter to Congress, speaks of himself as the son of the heir of a British earldom, the connection is not what Mr. Force supposes it to be. I presume the H. E. Stanhope of 1776 was of a different family from Lord Mahon's—a gentleman who married an American lady, became a distinguished officer in the British service, was second in command at Copenhagen, and died in 1814. That he did escape and was recaptured in 1776 is true enough; but Lord Mahon, were he disposed, as I am very sure he is not, to espouse the cause of all the defunct Stanhopes of the last century, might retort on Mr. Force that even he has not told all the truth about this breach of parole; for that, in his own *Archives* (vol. VI., p. 486), on the same page with the ignominious advertisement, is a very decorous letter from Mr. Stanhope to the President of Congress, excusing his conduct, and giving some at least plausible reasons for what he had done; appended to which are extracts from two brief letters from the American headquarters, expressive of General Washington's friendliness to Mr. Stanhope and his fellow-prisoners, and desire to relieve them from some of the annoyances to which they were subjected. The letter was read in Congress and referred. We have a shrewd suspicion, without meaning to vindicate a breach of parole, that the lot of some of the British prisoners in the towns of New England was far from easy. It was on the very day this letter was written, and possibly in view of the very case of young Stanhope (and this Lord Mahon might, in fairness, ask Mr. Force to mention), that Washington wrote to Congress (*Archives*, vol. VI., p. 424): "I shall only subjoin one more remark, and then have done with this subject; which is, that many of the towns where prisoners have been already sent, not having convenience for or the means of keeping them, complain that they are burdensome, and have become careless, inattentive, and altogether indifferent whether they escape or not, and those of them that are restricted to a closer confinement (the limits of jail) neglected, and not treated with that care and regard which Congress wish."

It is not very safe in these days of extreme

and intolerant Americanism, when gentlemen so respectable and so genuinely American as the late directors of the Washington Monument are ostracised or proscribed—it is not very safe to express even a doubt as to the perfection of every thing and every body in the past or the present on this side of the Atlantic; yet it might well be suggested that on this very matter of breach of parole, thus individually and prominently brought forward by Mr. Force, all the blame and reproach was not on one party to the war. "Of late," writes Washington in 1777, "several of our officers have broken their parole and stolen away. This practice, ignominious to themselves, dishonorable to the service, and injurious to the officers of sentiment and delicacy who remain behind to experience the rigors of resentment and distrust on their account, cannot be tolerated, whatever be the pretence." (IV. Sparks, 431). And again, two years afterwards, in August, 1779, he writes to the President of Massachusetts, for in those parts it seems the tendency was most manifest: "I have the honor to enclose to your Excellency a list of sundry officers belonging to your State who have been in captivity and are reported as violators of parole by the commissary of prisoners. A conduct of this kind, so ignominious to the individuals themselves, so dishonorable to their country and to the service in which they have been engaged, and so injurious to those gentlemen who were associated with them in misfortune but preserved their honor, demands that every measure should be taken to deprive them of the benefit of their delinquency and compel their return. I therefore, *entreat* your Excellency," etc. (VI. Sparks, 334).

It is proper, also, to say—and it is not amiss to recall these amenities of warfare in the midst of so much that was rude and sad—that the British authorities did their best to check this evil. The British Adjutant General told Gen. Washington in 1776, at New York, that "Gen. Howe utterly disapproved and condemned such conduct; that if a remonstrance was made such violators of good faith would be severely punished; but that he hoped Gen. Washington was too just to draw public inferences from the misbehavior of some private individuals; that bad men were to be found in every class of society, and that such behavior was considered as a dishonor to the British army." And Mr. Sparks, in a note to his sixth volume, (p. 277,) takes the same view of the matter that I have here intimated.

More has been said on this matter of the Stanhope *escapade* than it deserves; but I again submit to the candid judgment of the literary public whether the allusion to Lord Mahon's supposed relative is not inconsistent with courteous controversy; and wheth-

er, if it be, the whole truth should not have been given?

There is one point of the attack made in the *Intelligencer* on which I can well imagine (though I have no means of knowing any thing on the subject) Lord Mahon might feel deeply wounded, and on which, as his friend, I desire to say a word in resolute defence. I refer to the imputed affectation or hypocrisy of his admiration for Washington. It seems to me that here great injustice is done; for unless personal esteem for the author has suddenly blinded me to the meaning of words and sentences, and context and general current of thought and expression, no more genuine and earnest and consistent admiration of Washington can be found on the pages of history—American, French, or English, (for in each has he had his earnest panegyrists)—than on Lord Mahon's. Mr. Force's language, which I am sorry to repeat, is, "To smooth the way for more effectually alluring the American reader to follow him in the path he has marked out for himself, Lord Mahon has affected a great veneration for the character of Gen. Washington." There is no mistake in this charge, and it can only be met by a reference to the book itself; nor will, I hope, any space be grudged for defence, when it is recollected that, even during the pressure of Congressional debates and documents, at the short session too, twelve columns were devoted to the attack. This seems to me an important question between the historian and his critic; and let me say, in justice to myself as an American student of history, shrinking, as good taste bids me, from stereotyped and declamatory phrase of admiration, that, as each day's revelations of the past and contrasts of the present are unfolded, my deliberate admiration of Washington in every act and motive, and word and deed, public and private, as a citizen, a soldier, and a statesman, rises nearer and nearer to idolatrous enthusiasm. With this sentiment swelling in my heart and stimulating my understanding, I cannot but think I could detect the affectation imputed to Lord Mahon as quickly as his adverse critic; but I am, I confess, at a loss to discern it anywhere.

From the first reference to Washington at the Great meadows in 1755 to the last at the lines of Yorktown there is a continued strain of hearty and discriminating praise, not the less impressive because unexaggerated. It would be unjust to Lord Mahon to detach sentences in proof of this from his context, but the following references will enable the reader to judge for himself, and see how earnest and uniform is his admiration of Washington. (Vol. IV, p. 44; vol. VI, pp. 43, 65, 85, 100, 111, 136, 163, 167, 168, 193, 197,

255; vol. VII, p. 72.) It is observable, too, that Lord Mahon does full justice to that which is generally ignored by English writers, Washington's military abilities; and in the only two instances in which he censures him for word or act—his harsh feeling towards the Boston loyalists and the execution of Andre, (on neither of which points do I concur)—he does it gently and distrustfully; for, in speaking of Washington's reputed sternness and unforgiving temper, he says:

"It behooves us, no doubt, to ponder reverently on an attempt to cast any censure on a man so virtuous as Washington. Yet none of his warmest panegyrist can assert, though they sometimes imply, that his character was wholly faultless; and here, as it seems to me, we are upon its faulty point."

There is neither unkindness nor affectation in words like these, and we appeal with confidence from Mr. Force's criticism and severe accusation of hypocritical laudation to Lord Mahon's character of Washington, to be found in his sixth volume, every word of which seems to come from his heart, and which, in my poor judgment, is unsurpassed by any kindred passage in our language, bearing in mind too, that while in his annals of English story he has occasion to analyze and extol many characters known to fame and highly revered by him, such as the first Lord Stanhope, Walpole, the elder Pitt, Wolfe, Camden, and others, he gives to our Washington more space and more undeviating encomium than to all the others put together. We beg for the following extract, long as it is, our readers' best attention. It will well repay it. It will be found at page 42 of Lord Mahon's sixth volume:

"It was in a happy hour for themselves and for their cause that their choice" (the choice of Congress) "fell on Col. GEORGE WASHINGTON."

"George Washington was born in 1732. His great grandfather, John Washington, had settled in Virginia about eighty years before, and was descended from an old gentleman's family in England. There was a common descent between them and the Earls of Ferrers, whose ancient device—three mullets above two bars argent—as blazoned in the Herald's College and as borne by that line of Earls, appears no less on the seal of the American General. He was the eldest son of his father's second marriage, and lost that father when only eleven years of age. His education was almost confined to geometry, trigonometry, and surveying, since his friends, it appears, when they could not prevail on his mother that he should enter the royal navy, designed and prepared him for the profession of surveyor, one of the most lucrative in a newly settled country, though, happily for that country, the profession of arms was finally preferred. No

aid was derived by him at any period from any other than his native tongue. He never even commenced the study of the ancient classics. The latest and best of his biographers informs us that when in the Revolutionary war the French officers came over he bestowed some attention on their language, but at no time could write or converse in it, or translate any paper from it.

"The passion of love, but of a pure and lofty kind, found early entrance in his breast. When only sixteen, and on a visit to Lord Fairfax in Virginia, he writes as follows to a friend: 'There is a very agreeable young lady in the house; but that only adds fuel to the fire, as being often and unavoidably in company with her revives my former passion for your lowland beauty; whereas were I to live more retired from young women I might in some measure alleviate my sorrow by burying that chaste and troublesome passion in oblivion; and I am very well assured that this will be the only antidote or remedy.'

"For three years at this period—that is until almost twenty—Washington was constantly occupied, when the season would allow, in surveying wild lands among the Alleghany mountains or on the southern branches of the Potomac. He says, in one passage of his correspondence: 'Since you received my letter of October last, I have not slept above three or four nights in a bed; but, after walking a good deal all the day, I have lain down before the fire upon a little hay, straw-fodder, or a bear skin, whichever was to be had, with man, wife and children, like dogs and cats; and happy is he who gets the berth nearest the fire.'

"Engaging at nineteen in the Virginia militia, Washington was forthwith appointed Adjutant General of one of the districts, with the rank of major and the pay of £150 a year. In his first campaign, of 1754, I have already had occasion to relate how he was overpowered and compelled to capitulate by a party of French; but no blame attached to his conduct; on the contrary, the House of Burgesses of Virginia passed a vote of thanks to him and his officers 'for their bravery and gallant defence.' Next year he was a witness of Braddock's disaster, but again with honor to himself: he had four bullets through his coat and two horses killed under him. Almost immediately afterwards he was named colonel and commander of the whole Virginian force. In this post his behavior was such as to gain the respect and affection of all his officers, who presented to him an address expressive of their deep regret when, at the close of 1758, he determined on resigning his commission and retiring into private life.

"A few days later—in January, 1759—the main motive of his resolution became apparent by his marriage with Mrs. Martha Custis, a widow, who is described by his biographer as both handsome and accomplished. To his fortune, already not inconsiderable, she brought an accession of above one hundred thousand dollars. With this lady Washington established himself at his country-house on the banks of the Potomac, which he had inherited from his elder

brother, and which, in compliment to the admiral under whom that brother served at Carthage, had been named Mount Vernon. Mrs. Washington had no children by the colonel—a title that he still retained. He was always tenderly attached to her, and exemplary in that relation of life as in every other. In his correspondence of that period he says: 'I am now, I believe, fixed at this seat, with an agreeable partner, for life, and I hope to find more happiness in retirement than I ever experienced amidst the wide and bustling world.' He mentions in the same letter 'the longing desire which for many years I have had of visiting the great metropolis of England.' 'But,' he adds, 'I am now tied, and must set inclination aside.' It is remarkable that his letters at that time, and until the colonial storm had burst, frequently use the word 'home' to designate the mother country.

"During many years did Washington continue to enjoy the pleasures and fulfil the duties of an independent country gentleman. Field sports divided his time with the cultivation and improvement of his land and the sales of his tobacco. He showed kindness to his dependants and hospitality to his friends; and, having been elected one of the House of Burgesses in Virginia, he was, whenever that House met, exact in his attendance. To that well-regulated mind nothing within the course of its ordinary and appointed avocations seemed unworthy of its care. His ledgers and day-books were kept by himself; he took note of all the houses where he partook of hospitality, so that not even the smallest courtesies might pass by unremembered; and until his press of business in the Revolutionary war he was wont every evening to set down the variation of the weather during the preceding day. It was also his habit through life, whenever he wished to possess himself perfectly of the contents of any paper, to transcribe it in his own hand and apparently with deliberation, so that no point might escape his notice. Many copies of this kind were after his death found among his manuscripts.

"We may observe, however, that in the mind of Washington punctuality and precision did not, as we often find them, turn in any degree to selfishness. On the contrary, he was rather careless of small points where only his own comfort was concerned. Thus he could seldom be persuaded to take any remedy or desist from any business whenever he caught a cold, but used to say, 'let it go as it came!' Nor yet was his constant regularity of habits attended by undue formality of manner. In one of his most private letters there appears, given incidentally, and as it were by chance, a golden rule upon that subject: 'As to the gentlemen you mention, I cannot charge myself with incivility, or what, in my opinion, is tantamount, ceremonious civility.'

"In figure Washington was strongly built and tall, (above six feet high,) in countenance grave, unimpassioned, and benign. An inborn worth, an unaffected dignity, beamed forth in every look as in every word and deed. His first appearance and address might not convey the idea of superior talents; such at least was the remark of his ac-

complished countryman, Mr. Gallatin; but no man, whether friend or enemy, ever viewed without respect the noble simplicity of his demeanor, the utter absence in him of every artifice and every affectation.

"The correspondence of Washington in 1765 and the succeeding years refers to the stamp act and to the other harsh measures from 'home' (not much longer to be called so) in terms of temperate condemnation, and his convictions were ever steadfast and decided on the colonial side. When, however, these differences darkened and the grim shadow of civil war began to loom on the horizon, it has been already shown that Washington was less forward and eager than some others in declaring or declaiming against the mother country. This was afterwards alleged against him in America as a kind of charge, and some extracts from his private letters, said to be intercepted by the English, were published in corroboration of it. Such extracts were declared by himself to be false and spurious, and beyond all question were so, although the last American biographer of Washington allows as probable that parts of letters really written by him were interwoven with the fabrications. If, however, the charge itself be examined with candor, even though strictly and solely from the American side, it will be found to contain no matter of condemnation, but rather a topic of praise. Ought not a brave soldier who had known and seen the havoc of war to pause longer than any brawling civilian ere he resolves to inflict that havoc on his country? Ought not his reluctance to be stronger still when the war before him is not between nation and nation, but between the sons of the same race and the subjects of the same King? Was is not this very reluctance which in 1829 impelled the Duke of Wellington to exclaim, amidst general applause, that, long injured as he had been to scenes of strife, he would make any sacrifice, even of his own life, rather than expose his country to even one month of civil war? Mark also how brightly the first forbearance of Washington combines with his subsequent determination—how he who had been slow to come forward was magnanimous in persevering. When defeat had overtaken the American army; when subjugation by the British rose in view; when not a few of the earliest declaimers against England were, more or less privately, seeking to make terms for themselves and fitting their own necks to the yoke, the high spirit of Washington never for a moment quailed. He repeatedly declared that if the Colonies were finally overpowered he was resolved to quit them forever, and, assembling as many people as would follow, go and establish an independent State in the west, on the rivers Mississippi and Missouri.

"There is a lofty saying which the Spaniards of old were wont to engrave on the Toledo blades, and which with truth and aptness might have adorned the sword of Washington: 'Never draw me without reason; never sheath me without honor!'

"Nor was Washington in any measure open to the same reproach as the ancient Romans, or some of his own countrymen at present, that while eager for freedom themselves they would

rivet the chains of their slaves. To him at least could never be applied Dr. Johnson's taunting words, "How is it that we hear the loudest yelps for liberty among the drivers of negroes?" The views of Washington on this great question are best shown at the close of the Revolutionary war, and at a period of calm deliberation, in one of his letters to Lafayette:

"Your late purchase of an estate in Cayenne with a view of emancipating the slaves on it is a generous and noble proof of your humanity.— Would to God a like spirit might diffuse itself generally into the minds of the people of this country! But I despair of seeing it. Some petitions were presented to the Assembly at its last session for the abolition of slavery, but they could scarcely obtain a reading. To set the slaves afloat at once, would, I really believe, be much inconvenience and mischief, but by degrees it certainly might, and assuredly ought to be effected, and that too by legislative authority."

"Washington had attended the first Congress at Philadelphia, and on several occasions took part in the debates. Though never aiming at eloquence, nor even approaching a trope or a metaphor, his speeches made a strong impression on his hearers, from his practical knowledge, his excellent sense, and his manifest integrity. 'I never,' says Jefferson, 'heard either Gen. Washington or Dr. Franklin speak ten minutes at a time, nor to any but the main point, knowing that the little ones would follow of themselves.' At the second Congress the remembrance of Washington's conduct at the first, combined with his military services, pointed him out as best qualified for the office of Commander-in-Chief. There were other considerations also. The four New England States had been the first to begin the war, and the foremost in their preparations to maintain it; so that it seemed a stroke of policy to draw in some one of the Southern States, as Virginia, more closely with them by selecting the General from that quarter. Thus all the deputies from New England, contrary to expectation and much to the honor of their public spirit, took the lead in urging the merits of Washington; and, his name being formally proposed and a ballot called for, it appeared that he was unanimously chosen. He was told to hold the rank of General-in-Chief and receive the pay of five hundred dollars per month; and under him were named four officers with the rank of Major-General, and eight with the rank of Brigadier.

"The inmost thoughts of Washington at this anxious period are shown in his letter to his wife, the only one of his letters to that lady which has been preserved: 'You may believe me, my dear Patsy, when I assure you, in the most solemn manner, that, so far from seeking this appointment, I have used every endeavor in my power to avoid it, not only from my unwillingness to part with you and the family, but from a consciousness of its being a trust too great for my capacity, and that I should enjoy more real happiness in one month with you at home than I have the most distant prospect of finding abroad, if my stay were to be seven times seven years. But as it has been a kind of destiny that

has thrown me upon this service, I shall hope that my undertaking it is designed to answer some good purpose; and I shall rely, therefore, confidently on that Providence which has heretofore preserved and been bountiful to me."

"Next day after his election, Washington, rising from his place in the Congress, expressed his cordial thanks, and undertook the high trust conferred upon him. But, at the same time, he declared his resolution to decline the salary proposed and to accept no more than the repayment of his own expenses, of which he promised to keep an exact account. To this determination with respect to pay of profit Washington steadily adhered; and thus, after eight arduous years of the chief command, he went out no richer than he came in and no poorer. Mrs. Washington used to join her husband every year in winter-quarters, and return to Mount Vernon whenever the campaign commenced. To his agent at Mount Vernon we find Washington writes meanwhile in the most kindly spirit: 'Let the hospitality of the house with respect to the poor be kept up. Let no one go hungry away. * * * * You are to consider that neither myself nor wife is now in the way to do these good offices.'— Thus also as to the culture of his lands the General, even amidst the most stirring and eventful scenes of the war, sent most minute instructions, and required in return frequent and full reports. It was to this beloved home of Mount Vernon, and to the hope of again enjoying it, that at any brief interval of leisure the thoughts of Washington ever fondly turned.— There was certainly no period in his career when he would not have joyfully exchanged—had his high sense of duty allowed him—the cares of public for the ease of private life. And this wish for retirement, strong and sincere as it was in Washington, seems the more remarkable, since it was not with him, as with so many other great men, prompted in any degree by the love of literature. He was not like Cicero, when shrinking in affright from the storms which rent the Commonwealth, and reverting with fond regret to the well-stored library of Atticus and to his own favorite little seat beneath the bust of Aristotle: he was not like Clarendon at Montpelier, when he turned from an ungrateful age, not worthy of his virtue, and indited for all time to come his immortal history. Neither reading nor writing as such had any charms for Washington. But he was zealously devoted to the earliest and most needful of all the toils of man: he loved to be a feeder of flocks and a tiller of the ground.

"It has been justly remarked, that of Gen. Washington there are fewer anecdotes to tell than perhaps of any other great man on record. So equally framed were the features of his mind, so harmonious all its proportions, that no one quality rose salient above the rest. There were none of those checkered hues, none of those warring emotions in which biography delights.— There was no contrast of lights and shades, no flickering of the flame; it was a mild light that seldom dazzled, but that ever cheered and warmed. His contemporaries or his close observers, as Mr. Jefferson and Mr. Gallatin, assert, that he

had naturally strong passions, but had attained complete mastery over them. In self-control, indeed, he has never been surpassed. If sometimes, on rare occasions, and on strong provocation, there was wrung from him a burst of anger, it was almost instantly quelled by the dominion of his will. He decided surely, though he deliberated slowly; nor could any urgency or peril move him from his serene composure, his calm, clear-headed good sense. Integrity and truth were also ever present in his mind. Not a single instance, as I believe, can be found in his whole career when he was impelled by any but an upright motive, or endeavored to attain an object by any but worthy means. Such are some of the high qualities which have justly earned for Gen. Washington the admiration even of the country he opposed, and not merely the admiration, but the gratitude and affection of his own. Such was the pure and upright spirit to which, when its toils were over and its earthly course had been run, was offered the unanimous homage of the assembled Congress, all clad in deep mourning for their common loss, as to 'the man first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his fellow-citizens.' At this day in the United States the reverence for his character is, as it should be, deep and universal, and not confined, as with nearly all our English statesmen, to one party, one province, or one creed.—Such reverence for Washington is felt even by those who wander furthest from the paths in which he trod. A President, when recommending measures of aggression and invasion, can still refer to him, whose rule was ever to arm only in self-defence, as to 'the greatest and best of men!' States which exult in their bankruptcy as a proof of their superior shrewdness, and have devised 'repudiation' as a newer and more graceful term for it, yet look up to their great General—the very soul of good faith and honor—with their reverence unimpaired! Politicians who rejoice in seeing the black man the property and the chattel of the white, and desire to rank that state of things amongst their noblest 'institutions,' are yet willing to forgive or to forget how Washington prayed to God that a spirit to set free the slave might speedily diffuse itself amidst his countrymen! Thus may it be said of this most virtuous man what in days of old was said of Virtue herself, that even those who depart most widely from her precepts still keep holy and bow down to her name."

Is it not the height of injustice to say that this is affected admiration, or that words like these are words of hypocrisy?

But that it would seem like an evasion of the points of actual controversy, I should be tempted here to leave the matter, content with an effort (how successful it is not for me to say) to vindicate Lord Mahon from this the gravest charge made against him. I can hardly ask indulgence at your hands for a detailed reply. Mr. Force's "specification of errors" extends to nineteen, though in form amplified to twenty-six; but I venture to submit to the candid reader, who will take the pains to ex-

amine them all, whether the aggregation of them, assuming the criticisms to be all well-founded in point of fact, conveys the impression that Lord Mahon has actually or wilfully damaged the truth of history. I question much whether the student of the five or six pages of Lord Mahon, against which this battery of twelve columns has been directed, will not arrive at very much the same conclusions as he would have done had the corrections never been needed or never been made, viz: that Independence in 1776 was a reluctant, and, in the minds of many, a critical process; that wise and brave men hesitated; that the timid held back, like Mr. Dickinson and others, and the ardent pressed forward, like John Adams; that the popular mind was appealed to in all sorts of ways, illegitimate and legitimate; that Tom Paine, who deserves all and a great deal worse than Lord Mahon says of him, was the most influential pamphleteer in the atmosphere which immediately surrounded Congress, and that "Common Sense" was a great agent; in short, that when Mr. Force comes to write calmly his account of the doings of that day, (and no one, I am sure, when he does write calmly, will do it better), it will not materially differ from Lord Mahon's.*

And yet it is this aggregation, this expansion, this apparent travelling over the whole field in Mr. Force's twelve columns, which makes it imposing; for, while some of his criticisms are just, and would no doubt be welcome were they more kindly expressed, others, in point of essential significance and value, shrink away when detached from their companions. When the late Professor Henry Reed edited and annotated Lord Mahon's early volumes he corrected several errors, all of which were adopted and recognized in later editions.

That I may be understood, let me take one or two of Mr. Force's most imposing criticisms.

Lord Mahon says in one place that in May, 1776, the Maryland Convention resolved that every prayer and petition for the King's Majesty be henceforth omitted in all churches or chapels in this Province. Mr. Force accompanying his correction with a most harsh imputation that I shall not repeat, quotes the resolution to show that the prohibition applied to all prayers *except* the second Collect in

* I cannot refrain in this place from noting my admiration of an article of singular eloquence and beauty which appeared (taken from the Louisville Journal) in the National Intelligencer of the 10th February, entitled "Christianity vs. The Age of Reason, in which Paine is treated as he deserves. I have no words strong enough to describe my entire sympathy with what this writer says, and my admiration of the manner in which it is said. Such an article is refreshing now-a-days.

the Communion service, which he quotes.—Now, while Lord Mahon may thus be shown to be literally inaccurate in his citation, any one who will examine an English prayer-book of that day and collate the prayers for the Royal family omitted with the one retained will see that he is substantially correct, and that the Collect retained is rather a prayer for the disposition and government of the heart of King George than in the common sense for King George himself. It is a prayer that might have been offered up in the Long Parliament when Charles I. was marshalling his troops for battle against it. The Virginia Convention a little later did their work more thorough, for they purged the prayer-book specifically, and even modified the second Collect in the Communion service. There is certainly no great wrong done by this inaccuracy of Lord Mahon; yet Mr. Force sees in it something inconsistent with honesty of purpose.

Again, Lord Mahon says, "That a committee prepared and, on the 27th May, reported a Declaration of Rights, which, at a later period, served the Revolutionists of France for the model of their more celebrated 'Rights of Man.' In that declaration it is affirmed that the rights which are claimed cannot exist with an hereditary monarchy; for the fourth article states that the idea of a man being born a magistrate, a legislator, or a judge, is unnatural and absurd." On this Mr. Force remarks that this part of the declaration was not finally adopted by the Convention, which modified it so far as to strike out the words "idea," "unnatural," and "absurd," though he admits they asserted the same principle or doctrine. Now, if we read Lord Mahon correctly, he distinctly says, and truly says, that the committee "prepared" and "reported" what he quotes, and nothing more. Yet it is on this point he is charged with wilful and fraudulent substitution of what was not adopted for what was adopted. Is this fair play?

I confess myself unable to understand one criticism on Lord Mahon's phrase "without expressly adopting the resolution thus before them the Congress appointed a committee to prepare a declaration in the form desired."—The italics are Mr. Force's, and on them he founds a distinct charge of deliberate fraud.—It seems to me that the *form* was exactly what Congress did desire and what the committee had, as is well known, so much difficulty in preparing. Nor much more appreciable is the criticism on Lord Mahon's suggestion, very innocently made, that the corrections in the draught of the Declaration of Independence were "galling to the pride of its authors," while, says Mr. Force, it was only galling to the pride of its author, (in

the singular,) for Mr. Jefferson alone complained. This is true, but certainly an infinitesimal truth.

Lord Mahon is found fault with for saying that "several of the Colonies sent instructions to their Delegates in Congress desiring or directing them to vote for a separation," "whereas," says his critic, "he should have said *eleven*," and fairness required it at his hands. If a distinction is to be made between resolutions "desiring or directing" a vote and merely "authorizing" it, I submit that Lord Mahon is quite as accurate with "several" as Mr. Force is with eleven or twelve, counting, as the latter does, Pennsylvania twice; and it further seems to my mind that the distinction is a fair one. The analysis of these resolutions may be easily made: five, viz., Massachusetts, South Carolina, Rhode Island, Georgia, and New Jersey, were authorized to vote for separation, most of them authorized merely to concur in general measures for the public good; Pennsylvania simply relieved her representatives from a prohibition, and gave them liberty to do as they pleased, not even mentioning independence; and but three, Virginia, New Jersey, and New Hampshire, instructed or requested. So that Lord Mahon's "several" is strictly correct.

With one other reference, for I fear I have already too severely taxed your indulgence, I will conclude this plea for fair play. It is made a matter of reproach to Lord Mahon (s. iv.) that, in his citation of a portion of the report of the spies sent out by Gen. Gage in the winter or spring of 1775, he omitted to quote that part which speaks of "the cowardice of the American rebels;" and then follow extracts from British newspapers of that those containing the same aspersion. Really it seems to me there would have been much more ground of complaint if Lord Mahon had embalmed these calumnies in his pages. Observe, too, how unreasonable are the terms of the complaint: "Lord Mahon," says his critic, "may have been ashamed of the vain-glorious boasting by the English of their superior bravery over the Americans; yet as this boasting spirit did exist, and as it did precipitate and prolong the war, it was the duty of the historian to state the fact, and give to it its due weight among the causes that produced the separation between the countries." Now, it so happens that Lord Mahon did state (p. 7, ch. 51) the fact of the absurd contemptuousness of the English and loyalist agents towards the Americans, and spoke with clear condemnation of the insolent speeches on this very subject of Lord Sandwich and Gen. Grant in Parliament, and of Washington's just resentment at it. Nor does any American history contain a sterner denunciation of the employment by the British

Ministry of the Hessian mercenaries than will be found in Lord Mahon's, in a passage of rare beauty, (Vol. vi. p. 86,) which I wish I had space to copy.

In these remarks, rapidly thrown together, my main object, as I have already stated, is to do justice to a distant author who has been hardly used, and who, if I mistake not, will be better pleased that an American rather than one of his own countrymen should step forward in his defence; one, too, who, like the writer of this communication, differs from Lord Mahon on many substantial points, and even agrees in some of Mr. Force's criticisms, so far as they can be disengaged from the unkind language in which they are involved. It would be affectation to disguise that personal esteem for the historian has had some share in stimulating this effort to secure him fair play on this side of the Atlantic, and to prevent *this* great world of readers from being turned away from the study of his most attractive volumes by the fear that they will be found rich with libels on all that is dear to us. Lord Mahon is well known to be a gentleman with every personal claim on American consideration. More than this it is not necessary to say, for no fair or generous-minded man will think the worse of one who does not disguise the feeling, even though it be mere friendship, which guides his pen.

Perhaps, too, another higher motive has had its influence—a desire to see the unkind traditional feeling towards England, and especially English contemporary writers, that has so long existed altered and subdued.—This certainly is not the time, when, as there is good reason to suspect, all sorts of malign influences, far more than meet the careless eye, are at work to make mischief, and when, by one of those curious reactions peculiar to our country, the popular mind has swung from an extreme of foreign sympathy to an extreme of American intolerance, Kosuthism and Know-Nothingism being the ends of the vibration. This is not the time at least for literary men to talk unkindly and harshly of each other. If a man of Lord Mahon's social rank and literary character had written one tithe of the actual libels imputed to him, or fallen into one tithe of the errors, it would be as bad a symptom as any Anglophobist could desire to expose. That he has not is the object of these desultory remarks; and I shall have my full recompense if I have to any appreciable extent succeeded, concluding with a few lines from these revised volumes, in the spirit of which every christian and conservative man will agree, and none, I am sure, more cordially than the Editors of the *Intelligencer*. "Let us"—it

is Lord Mahon who speaks—"indulge the hope and expectation that the American people may concur with ours in desiring that no further resentment may be nourished, no further strife be stirred between the kindred nations; so that both, mindful of their common origin and conscious of their growing greatness, may alike discard as unworthy of them all mean and petty jealousies, and be ever henceforth what Nature has designed them—friends."

R.

Philadelphia, March 9, 1855.

LEECHES.

It appears from a report by M. Souberain to the French Academy of Medicine, that some one is trying to do with leeches as others are trying to do with edible fish—culture them or nurse them from the embryo. M. Borne, an inhabitant of St. Arnault, in the Department of Seine-et-Oise, after long study succeeded in establishing a regular leech-factory near his native place. It consists of a sort of bog, two or three acres in extent, surrounded by a trench filled with water. M. Borne found by observation that leeches are wont to deposit their eggs in small galleries, which they form in the soft earth on the borders of ponds; and, accordingly—on the principle sometimes adopted in society of leading a man by letting him do what he likes—the experimentalist formed a number of zig-zag channels reaching to the edge of the water, and covered them over with the stiff mud which he had removed. He found by observation that leeches are wont to warm themselves in the sun in winter and lie in the shade in summer; and, accordingly, he constructed small earthen promontories, one facing the south and the other the north, where they might congregate as instinct dictated. His mode of feeding them is this:—He beats a quantity of blood with switches to separate the fibrin, which he has found to injure them; he places a number of leeches in a flannel bag; he plunges the bag into the sanguine fluid, and there he leaves the leeches to have their fill. He seems to know what is good for their health and their age; he takes them out when he judges they have made a judiciously hearty meal, washes them in tepid water, to make them dainty and clean; and restores them to their former habitat. The actual receptacles for the leeches are large pits sunk in the ground, and filled with water. When eggs have been deposited in the little zig-zag channels, the leech-rearer removes them from time to time, and places them in a small pit by themselves, where they are carefully tended during the hatching process. The trench or ditch of water, which surrounds the boggy island, is destined to preserve the leech from enemies, of which he appears to have many. In a little wooden hut lives a man, the bog-king, whose sole duty it is to combat the birds, and the water-rats, and the insects, which would otherwise be likely to make short work with the leeches.—*Household Words*.

From *The Spectator*, 17 March.

THE NEW AFRICAN EXPEDITION.

THE Anglo-Saxon will never cease working at the seaboard of Africa, with efforts to penetrate the interior, until the whole of that continent be subdued to civilization. There is therefore before our race a labor which will take some time to accomplish; and it will perhaps be brought to a conclusion all the sooner for breaking bulk in several places at once. Already we have attacked Africa in more than half-a-dozen quarters—to say nothing of the French colonization of Algeria. We have friendly relations with Mozambique; colonies of our own at the Southernmost point, at Cape Coast Castle, and Sierra Leone; we have successfully penetrated the Niger, probably to the region of a healthier climate; and now, the new "African Exploration Society" proposes to commence active operations "for exploring and evangelizing central Africa," from a station at Tunis.

The Society proposes to explore central Africa with a view to evangelize it; we are inclined, however, to regard the project as one for evangelizing Africa with a view to explore it; and the Society as much merits the support of practical geographers on that ground as it merits the support of missionary patrons for the religious object. There are very remarkable elements in its plan of action. It proposes to seek its objects chiefly by means of a native African agency, specially trained for the purpose in an African school at Tunis, conducted by medical, scientific, and religious tutors from the United Kingdom. Hitherto, the climate has forbidden any expeditions in force: only men of great courage and peculiarly robust constitutions, with singular devotion to religion or science, have faced the almost certain destruction which has awaited the African explorer since Ledyard began the list of victims in 1788, and has been succeeded by Horne-man, Mungo Park, Burckhardt, Ritchie, Bowditch, Laing, Clapperton, Davidson, Richardson, Overweg, Barth, and Warrington,—a list which rivals in number that of the successful travellers who have survived. Tunis is well chosen as a station, because it is ready of access to the civilized world, and it is *not* in the same quarter from which other operations upon Africa are proceeding. The agents will push Southwards from Tunis even to Timbuctoo and Soudaan. Native agents will be trained to circulate the Scriptures, and at the same time to subserve the purposes of honest trade. The Society proposes honest trade as the best means of extinguishing the slave trade; and we are glad that it does not aim at any direct agitation against that traffic. The propagation of the

Scriptures is likely to have a very simple yet effective result. No faith has appeared in the world which is so great a mordent for civilization as Christianity. The humanizing influence of the religion will prepare the community to which it is extended for an intercourse with civilization; but a much greater and more definite effect may also be anticipated. The agents will be at once missionaries and examples of conversion,—able to face the climate, able to converse on a level with those whom they propose to influence; and it is probable that by these simple means a species of Black brotherhood will be extended through the continent, directly conducive to the spread of religion, incidentally of constructing a machinery for the spread of civilization, of commerce, and of civilized transit. The spirit in which the society proceeds is broad and generous; and it is proved to be so by one fact: the promoters, at whose head we find the Archbishop of Canterbury and Lord Shaftesbury, propose to co-operate with the Mussulmans; almost claiming the Mussulmans as nothing more than a schismatical sect of Christians.

The means of the society to execute this project are partly indicated by the personnel of the chief officers, who lend either their active assistance or their countenance. We have already mentioned some; we may add more than one of the Consular body at Tunis; Dr. Vogell and Dr. Livingston, the African travellers; Mr. Augustus Peterman and Mr. Arrow-smith, the geographers; several members of Parliament; Sir Gardner Wilkinson, Mr. Ledyard, the Earl of Rosse, and the President of Liberia.

The last name is important; for Liberia is in many respects an example of this particular project: it is the recolonization of Africa by civilized and Christianized members of the African race. The conduct of the local Government has been exceedingly creditable. The influence which President Roberts has acquired, and the manner in which he exercises it, indicate a capacity for making acquisitions from the wilderness, which has been the most hopeful sign for Africa that has yet appeared. Instead of regarding this new enterprise as a rival, whether for purely scientific exploration, for missionary purposes, for commerce, or for the building up of political resident institutions, we must welcome the African Exploration Society as a promising assistant in all of these enterprises, if its operation be carried out in anything like the spirit indicated in its first statement to the public. And the character of the men who have been induced to unite in giving it their countenance and assistance, makes us regard them as hostages for the honest fulfilment of the really catholic scheme.

From The Economist, 17 March.

THE VIENNA CONGRESS.

THE first meeting of the important and probably eventful Congress at Vienna has gone off satisfactorily. Some hopes have been thereby excited that it may, therefore, end satisfactorily. But, to say the least, this is a premature conclusion. Under any circumstances, even though none of the parties to these negotiations were in earnest, it may at least be considered that at their first meeting common prudence would hide the real ultimate intentions of the negotiators. But in a case such as the present, when there can be no question that all alike are earnest in their desire for peace, if it can only be secured on terms within the utmost limits which national honor will prescribe, it is certain that every effort will be made on all sides to make the early path of the negotiations as easy as possible. But it is no slight consideration that the Congress commences its sittings under such circumstances. On many former occasions when similar meetings have taken place, all parties have come to them with a foregone conclusion against peace, using them rather as a pretext in order to obtain time, or some other advantage, than as an honest effort to avoid war. In the present instance, whatever may be the ultimate result, this at least we believe to be undoubted, that all the parties to this negotiation are above all things anxious to secure the professed objects of the Congress. This, at least, is an immense advantage at the first starting.

But we must not be too sanguine from these early indications. For let us bear in mind that the Allied Powers meet the Russian representative with a positive general acquiescence in the great points of requirement. In all therefore, that lies on the threshold of the inquiry, there is every reason to expect an apparent and perfect accord. It has long been foreseen that there is much in the matter with regard to which no real difference will arise. It has long been known that with regard to three of the four points, little more was necessary than to reduce to a formal and detailed shape the conditions demanded and acquiesced in; and that, in point of fact, the whole question of peace or war would resolve itself into one very narrow consideration:—the form and manner in which effect should be given to the remaining point of the four proposed. The whole difficulty rests here, and everything may go on swimmingly till that critical point is reached. Russia agrees to a revision of existing treaties with regard to the occupation of the Black Sea, "in the interest of the balance of power." Each party knows well what is meant by that phrase. The Allied Powers must have long ago determined what is the

least thing they can accept, in order to secure their own views of that object. Russia knows, also, that anything that can be done in that direction must be a reduction, less or more, of her power and influence in those waters. And the whole question upon which the success or failure of the negotiations must turn, is, whether Russia will consent to the minimum terms which the Allied Powers shall consider needful for this object.

For our own parts, we sincerely trust that the terms proposed will be such as, whether they succeed or fail, will show to the world that the Allied Powers were as reasonable and moderate as was possible in the matter in order to secure their object. Unreasonable and unnecessarily severe demands on the part of the Allies would be most unfortunate; for it is clear, not only that they would fail, but that they might tend to detach from us the important support of Austria. Our great security, so long as we confine our demands within reasonable and defensible bounds, is, that in this only point upon which any serious difference is likely to arise, Austria is most deeply interested, because it involves the freedom of the Black Sea, without which the freedom of the Danube is a mere name, and because also it is the point from which Austria would most apprehend the encroachments of Russia. It becomes, therefore, of the utmost importance that public opinion should acquire a precise form as to what is necessary to secure all the objects of the Allies within the Black Sea. They have already distinctly and emphatically disclaimed all intention of encroachment upon the territory of Russia. All that we want is—1. That the Black Sea shall be perfectly free and open to the ships of the world. 2. That the Danube shall be uninterrupted in its course, as well as at its mouths. 3. That the attitude of Russia within those waters shall be such as she shall not be able to menace, much less to endanger, the independence of the neighboring States, especially the territory of Turkey. We do not want to weaken Russia for the *defensive*, we only want to paralyze her *offensive* powers; we therefore do not want to touch her territory, nor even her strong fortifications. It is all very well to talk of reducing Sebastopol: if it can be done by our arms, well and good; but as a condition of peace, or a guarantee for the real objects we have in view, it is useless. The terms of peace once agreed upon, the only means by which Russia could violate them would be by the aid of large fleets in the Black Sea; and in however perfect a condition Sebastopol may be left, the only service of that port to Russia would be as a place of safety for her fleet. All, therefore, that could possibly be required, in order to secure every object that we have in view, is, that Russia should consent to maintain no larger a fleet in

the Black Sea than should be needful for mere police purposes; and that England and France should be permitted to keep a force equal to such small Russian force. This precaution, with the establishment of English and French Consulates at Sebastopol, and any other points in the Black Sea which might be deemed necessary, would form a sufficient guarantee for all that the Allied Powers can fairly propose to themselves. The Allied Powers, we trust, will not extend their demands beyond these points; and if so, it is certainly within the reach of probability that Russia may conceive it to be her interest to comply with such terms rather than to hazard losses far more serious from the combined operations of France, England, and Austria.

We have two great objects to keep before our eyes in the Congress now sitting: first, and most important, that we should be able to conclude peace on fair and honorable terms; and second, that failing in that primary object, we shall at least, as the result of such failure, have secured the active aid of Austria in our future operations in the field. Indeed, we are aware that many politicians, casting aside the former, regard the latter as the practical object to be gained by the Conference. For our

own parts, whatever be the result as regards Russia, we think it is impossible that, at least at the close of the Congress, Austria will not be openly and actively ranged in our ranks. For let us consider what alone will be the point in dispute. It will be precisely that for which every Austrian statesman has been contending for years past. For the first time in her history, Austria has now the opportunity of securing not only the freedom of the streams of the Danube, not only the mouths of that river, but also the free use of the waters of the Black Sea; and, in addition, a security against the encroachments of Russia, most dangerous to the political attitude of Austria. Will Austria permit such an opportunity for obtaining the ends of the ambition of an entire race of her ministers to slip away unimproved? Never. If the moderate and temperate course which we have indicated be followed, it is by no means improbable that even Russia will yield to her own strong desire for peace; but if, unhappily, she should not do so, at least we may be confident that we shall come out of the Conference, with Austria ready to take the field with her large armies, an object which some regard as the greatest that can be looked for as the result of the Vienna Congress.

From the Examiner, 17 March.

PROSPECTS OF PEACE

THE chances of a satisfactory and honorable peace were never, we fear, so unpromising as at this time. It is now become tolerably obvious that they have been diminished by the death of Nicholas. Had the Czar lived, and continued to refuse effective guarantees, Austria could not have had an excuse for delaying her long-promised active co-operation. At the time of Lord John Russell's departure we described what was understood to be his design in proceeding to Vienna. This was twofold. It was to accept and sign terms of peace, if Russia accepted them; but in the other case, it was to arrange with Austria such plans of military and other co-operation as would at last have changed an alliance on paper into an alliance on the field.

Before he left for Vienna Lord John Russell declared in Parliament that when in Paris he had concerted with the Emperor Napoleon such plans for the future campaign as would bring against Russia, in case of continued resistance, a force so overwhelming as to leave no reasonable doubt of the issue. Thus compelled by the united forces of the three great powers of Europe, Russia must have desisted from her aggressive policy, and guarantees

satisfactory to the world would have answered for her sincerity.

Such prospects, we see too much reason to infer, have already disappeared. If the Czar Nicholas, from the force of his personal energy and character, was better formed to carry on a war than his son and successor, Alexander is yet in far better position to mollify the least determined of his enemies, and not simply to retain the friendship of his pusillanimous uncle of Prussia, but to influence the further forbearance of the young Emperor of Austria, whom we suppose no one will again characterize as "stern, resolute, and chivalrous." Alexander the Second stands personally free of the crime of falsehood and deception, which his father undeniably practised against every state in Europe hardly less than against Turkey herself. Alexander may now take upon him to aver, with every chance of being believed at Vienna, that personally he has been opposed throughout to his father's policy: and upon that politic assurance he may build a claim to more implicit reliance on his present imperial word than Nicholas could possibly have pretended to. Such a change of mere actors on the scene, unaltered as are all the circumstances of the drama, may make little impression upon the statesmen of England and France; but as confidently may we ex-

pect that they will not be without their influence on what we believe to be the still vacillating councils of Austria.

The common and accredited rumor is that the English Government is inclined to grant more favorable terms to Alexander the Second than France is willing to concede. This determination of France would be consistent with what Lord John Russell intimated in the House of Commons of the Emperor's plans and hopes for another campaign. For most certainly, if peace be concluded, as military matters stand at present, the war will have ended as a drawn battle, with enormous disadvantage on our side. Russia would be entitled fairly to boast that she successfully baffled and resisted the fleets and armies of the Western Powers in their attempt to take one of her towns or hold a portion of her territory; and that, though Austria had at the same time guaranteed the extensive frontier of Turkey from invasion, the armies of England and France came out of the conflict with dimmed repute and faded laurels. Little ought we to care for that, it will be said, provided only we get a lasting peace. But in such circumstances such a peace is not possible. It would be merely that kind of patched-up arrangement which Lord John Russell said in the House of Commons we should be the "sililiest of mortals to accept." It would be nothing more than a truce, leaving the facilities for a future war, and therefore the temptation to it, greater than ever. Fifty millions added to our debt for such purpose would be a criminal waste, for which grave account would one day have to be rendered. On the other hand a hundred millions spent in establishing, by the just balance of power, fair chances for a perpetuity of peace in Eastern Europe, would be a wise and profitable investment; and posterity, reaping its advantages, would cheerfully as well as justly pay their share.

Of course every exertion will be made by the mis-called Peace Party to bring about at least an armistice pending the conference, for it is quite in the interest of Russia that the operations in the Crimea should now be arrested. The Allies have gone through a winter campaign of unparalleled severity; the health of their troops is improving daily, and reinforcements are rapidly arriving. On the other hand, the roads or rather tracks of Southern Russia will soon become absolutely impassable from melting snow and rain. And whether the tremendous engines which are about to open their fire upon Sebastopol shall or shall not occasion the speedy destruction of that piratical stronghold, the position of the Russian army in the Crimea, cut off as it is from all assistance both by land and sea, must soon become extremely critical. We may also speedily expect to hear that the Turkish army

in Armenia, effectively reorganized, as it appears, by General Williams, is advancing upon Georgia, where the Russian forces are in no less danger than those in the Crimea of being completely isolated. It was therefore with great reason that Mr. Bright urged upon Lord John Russell, previously to his departure, in a speech not less remarkable for sophistry than for force and eloquence, that Lord John's first duty should be to stop the further effusion of blood by consenting to suspend operations. Six weeks' delay would enable the Russian troops, which have been upon the march for months, by order of the late Czar, from the most distant provinces of the empire, to come up, and perhaps immensely outnumber the Allies in the Crimea. Their surrender, under such circumstances, would crown the views of the Peace Party, and effectually destroy the prestige of England in Europe, and perhaps in India also.

But even apart from our own permanent interests, in considering such prospects of peace, another most important object presents itself in our alliance with France. That alliance is the very key of our strength; it is our hold upon the German powers; it is all in all to us at present, when every Royal or Serene Highness, who sends a contingent numbering one hundred bayonets and twenty sabres to the Federal Army thinks himself entitled to sneer at England as a military power. Richly would it be the interest of the Czar to offer the concession of almost any stipulation calculated to raise up difficulties which would immediately or ultimately bring about a dissolution of the Western alliance. A peace with Russia on terms at all tending to alienate France would be a thousand times worse than the vigorous prosecution of war. By mere selfish policy, therefore, not less than by good feeling and faith, we are bound to give even to the humors of our ally, the utmost possible consideration. The Emperor Napoleon, however absolute in name, yet reigns as much by public opinion, and has as much need of winning and conciliating it, as the ministry of any constitutional sovereign. He may fairly say that a peace, with Sebastopol still standing and the Crimea not reduced, would fail to fill that measure of military success and political repute which to him is indispensable. It was no whim or mere caprice of France to transport 100,000 soldiers to the Crimea, and replace them by 300,000 more soldiers at home. The ambition of the Russian Czar compelled this; and Russia must pay for it. Who cannot see that the Emperor Napoleon will be perfectly justified in refusing, as a result of this costly and unprovoked war, to be cajoled into a profitless and unstable peace? Who would refuse to admit that Louis Napoleon may with perfect justice

take the tone which his uncle did when he was in the heart of Germany, and had not yet won Austerlitz, and when certain people in Paris, headed by his brother Joseph, were crying out for peace. "Peace," wrote the Emperor, "is a word that means nothing. It is the conditions of peace that are all."

Shameful is it to have to add that in these later times the Power which has of all others the most interest in peace has been the foremost in taking all possible steps that were best calculated to destroy every hope of it. The court of Berlin has not only secretly as well as openly resisted such efforts as Austria has made to get the German powers armed and ready to support the Western alliance, and secure the freedom of the Danube, but it has more recently committed what we must describe as an act of evident hostility against

France. Whilst Austria has been requiring the levy of the several contingents of the German states, Prussia has only demanded the reparation and garrisoning of the federal fortresses, especially naming Landau and Mayence. Now these were erected in confessed hostility to France; Landau especially, which is upon its very frontier, and was indeed given up to France in 1814. Upon this the remark of Austria is surely unanswerable: "How can you reconcile your pretensions of resisting Russian ambition with the employment of military precautions exclusively against France?" But the conduct of the Court of Berlin has been throughout so treacherous as necessarily to give a new object and direction to the military policy of France. The issue remains to be seen.

From the Leisure Hour.

A STRUGGLE FOR LIFE.

"Ay, ay, sir, sometimes. It is not all plain sailing always; but pretty much the contrary may be. Very pleasant for fresh water sailors, a smooth sea like this, and sunshine, with all the rest of it; but put 'em aboard some dark night, with what you may call a regular sou'-wester, and set 'em to reefing in tops', and see what they'll make of it."

The speaker was a weather-beaten mariner; at that particular time he was steering a small pleasure boat, while his auditor was baiting the hooks of a fishing line.

"And you have had your share of that sort of thing, I dare say," said the landsman.

The boatman pointed to a line of breakers a mile or two to seaward. "You have heard of 'the black spine,' I suppose," he said abruptly.

"I can't say that I have," replied the other.

"Well, no matter; that's it then."

"Rocks, perhaps?"

"Yes; you can't see them now the tide's coming in. 'Tis only at low water they show themselves—as ugly a reef as you would wish to see any day; and worse by the other half in the night time."

"Rather dangerous, I suppose?" said the stranger, laconically; "many vessels wrecked there?"

"Why, you see, there's no vessel has any business there, hugging the shore so close as that just in the bay, with the lights to warn it off. A skipper must be mad to run in here, night or day; but then, there are mad skippers. I have seen one vessel wrecked there, anyhow."

"When was that? and how?" asked 'fresh-water,' pulling up his line, and relieving the hook of a whiting.

"As for the when, it was nine-and-twenty years ago come November; as for the how, that is more

than anybody knows, for there wasn't a soul of the crew left to tell the story. I was aboard of her, too, after she struck."

"How was that?" asked the landsman, with an awakening interest in the conversation.

"I'll tell you, sir," said the mariner; and, except that it may lose somewhat of its interest by being dribbled through the pen of a 'fresh-water,' this is his story:—

"It was as cold, sharp, and blustering a November evening as you would wish to see, sir. The wind was blowing great guns, and the rain was coming down in good trim. I was a young chap then; hadn't been long spliced—not above a year or so: our first young one was asleep in the cradle, and its mother had drawn up to the fire; and says she, 'How glad I am, Tom, you ain't out to-night.' I had part share then in a small boat; and I and my partner were to have been afloat that night, fishing, if the storm hadn't come on.

"It wasn't five minutes after she said that, that I heard a gun, and after that, another; and while I was listening the door of my cottage was opened, and in came my partner Larkins. 'Tom,' said he, 'there's a craft of some sort or other on the black spine yonder.'

"I wasn't long putting on my rough and ready, I can tell you, and was just going out o' doors, when Esther clapped me on the arm. Poor girl, she was pale as a sheet, and 'Tom,' she says, 'don't—don't!'

"'What!' said I, 'not if there's any poor souls in danger, and I can help save 'em?'"

"I didn't think of that," said Esther; 'but, whatever you do, take care of yourself, for my sake,' she said, 'and his'—and she pointed to the cradle.

"Well, sir, I promised I wouldn't run into any danger if I could help it. Just then another gun came booming across the water, and I could see the flash. 'That's from the black spine,' I said,

'sure enough,' and I gave Esther just one kiss, and followed Larkins down to the beach. It wasn't a pleasant thing by any means. The waves were coming in three abreast, and dashing up the spray enough to blind one; and to windward was a gathering of wild black clouds that showed there was more storm to come yet. Some of our people were on the beach looking out; but that was all they were doing.

"Tom," said Larkins, laying his hand on my shoulder, poor fellow—"Tom, ours is a tough boat." That was all he said, but I knew what he meant. He was a brave fellow, sir, as ever steered, and none the worse for being religious, though he had to bear a good deal because of it. 'Tom, ours is a tough boat,' said he.

"Ay, tough enough," I said; 'and if we could get her fairly afloat, and well manned, something might be done, perhaps.'

"Well, sir, to make short work of the story, we did get the little craft afloat at last; but not a man was there to join us. They all cried out that we were mad to think of getting out to the black spine such a night as that; and what could we do when we got there? But it didn't matter. 'Pull away, Larkins,' I said; 'for we didn't dare put up a sail; and a few strokes of the oar carried us a good bit from shore. I shall never forget that minute, sir; it was too dark to see much that was going on; but just then I heard a scream, and a cry of 'Tom, Tom.' It was poor Esther, my young wife. Somebody had gone to my cottage and told her what was going on; and she had run down, half beside herself, though whether 'twas to stay me from going, or to say, 'Go, and God bless you,' was more than she could rightly have told, mayhap. I stood up in the boat, and shouted out as cheerfully as I could; and then we began to pull away again in right earnest. Our little boat stood it bravely, and floated like a cork, though we had shipped water enough at first to make us in doubt whether we should ever get to the rocks; but when we were right out, she was like a seagull on the waves. Of course we didn't waste much time talking; but just one word or two Larkins spoke.

"Tom," said he, 'I am a'most sorry I tempted you to this trip. If anything happens there's nobody much to miss me; but you have a young wife and baby.'

"Well, sir, you may suppose I had been thinking about Esther and the young one too; but before I could say a word another gun was fired from the vessel, which we now and then caught sight of when our boat was on the top of a wave.

"I don't know how long a time it was; but we neared the wreck at last, and they have us a line to make fast by. The rocks were well under water then, for the tide was in, and our little craft floated alongside of the vessel to leeward; and somehow I managed to board her, leaving my partner to take what care he could of the boat. It was a bad move that, sir, as it turned out; for the men aboard were all beside themselves, some with drink, and some with fear.

"The wreck was a middling-sized brig, a foreigner—that was plain enough; and it was plain enough, too, that it was all over with her.

It was wonderful to me how she had lived so long, for she was stove in at the bow, and her stern hung over deep water; but she was settling down fast, and the crew were crowded together in the fore part, except one or two who were hanging on to the shrouds.

"There was not much light; but there was enough to show that no time was to be lost, and the brig's crew saw that too. It was no use; I shouted and shouted, but one after another they sprang over the side of the wreck, some into the boat, and some into the sea. It was not five minutes, sir, before the deck was cleared. How many there had been aboard I couldn't tell, nor how many missed a footing in the boat, and were washed away without giving a chance of saving them; but when I looked down, there was our little bark, sunk almost down to the gun's, and the madmen crowding and tumbling one upon another. I saw at once how it would be, and I hailed them as loud as I could, and begged some of them to come back again. You see, sir, there would have been some hope then. The wreck might have held together for a while, and in two trips it would have been cleared. But whether the men did not hear me, or didn't heed, I can't say; or perhaps they did not understand me, for, as I said, I could see they were foreigners: let that be as it may, there was not one to listen to reason. When I found that, sir, I called to my poor partner to quit the boat; for, bad as it was, there was more hope of life by keeping to the wreck. I always thought he did make a move, sir, towards the brig; but it was too late; there came just then a swell, the line parted, the boat floated off, and I was alone on the wreck.

"In another minute, sir, I lost sight of the boat as it floated away heavily. I had not any hope for it: I knew what it could do; but in such a sea as that, and loaded as it was, I knew it could not hold on. And I was right, sir: it wasn't another minute before I heard such shrieks as I hope I shall never hear again. The wind and the dashing of the waves against the wreck was loud and bad enough; but above all rose that shriek. I stopped my ears, sir: I couldn't bear it.

"Till then, I had not had much time to think, all had passed so rapidly; but now, what was I to do? There I was, sir, alone, with the ship's timbers groaning like a thing in agony, and parting beneath me. No help near: I knew 'twas no use to look for it. It was getting darker, too, every minute: for before, there had been a moon though it was behind the clouds; but it was going down; and all round were the waves beating and dashing against the poor wreck, and threatening every moment to sweep it off the hold it had somehow got upon the rocks. What was I to do, sir?"

"I trust you remembered who it is," replied the landsman—whose fishing tackle was for the time unheeded—"who it is that 'holds the waters in the hollow of his hand.'"

"I prayed that night and that hour, sir," resumed the boatman, "as I had never prayed before. 'I besought the Lord,' sir," as David says, 'and he heard me, and delivered me from all my fears.' But it was a hard struggle for life, sir, that I had."

"How did you escape?" inquired the listener

"It was a mercy," resumed the seaman, "that the wind began to sink a little; but the rain poured down heavily, and the waves rolled in great heavy swells. Anyhow, I did not expect to see the morning, for it seemed certain that at the falling of the tide the wreck would lurch over and sink like a stone.

"Just that thing happened, and sooner than I expected. I had only time to jump overboard when I felt her going; and by God's mercy, sir, I got fast hold of a point of the rock that was then above water. I clung to it for dear life; how I managed I can't think to this day, for my senses were almost gone for the time; and it seemed as if all the waves of the sea were pulling at me to get me under. By the time I came to, I found myself on my knees, with the rock under me, and the waves every moment dashing over my head. Well, sir, I managed to raise myself on my feet, and turned round to look for the wreck; but she was gone.

"Through the rest of that night I was on the rock, just able to hold on; but I believed that when the tide came in again it would be all over with me. I cannot tell you what my thoughts were, sir: I seemed like in a dream. Well, morning came at last, and then the tide was rising again. 'This is the last morning I shall ever see,' I remember thinking *that*, and thinking too, of poor Esther. It was a strange notion; but my mind would keep running upon how it would be when my body was picked up, may be, and carried ashore—who would break the news to Esther, and what would be said; and then I fancied I saw her in widow's weeds, and the little one all in black; and then I could not help laughing to myself at my queer fancies, as if it would matter to me how these things went. How long I might have gone on in this way I can't tell, if I had not soon had something else to think about.

"It was a black speck on the water, sir—no bigger than a hat it looked. I watched it, and watched it, and it came nearer and nearer. It was our boat, sir, bottom upwards.

"I was not much of a swimmer, but thinks I, there's some hope now; and I managed to get off my shoes and heavy jacket, and struck out to the poor old boat. It was about time I left the rock; in another half hour I should have been washed away.

"I reached the boat, sir, pretty nearly exhausted, and clung to it till I had got breath and strength to raise myself on to its hull, which I did at last."

"And then you felt yourself safe?"

"Ay, for a little while I fancied something of the sort; but you may give a guess, perhaps, that I should have felt a trifle safer if I had been ashore—"

"Where you were being drifted, I hope."

"I hoped so, sir, and kept up a good heart for

awhile; but by and by the tide turned again, and I knew I was going farther and farther out to sea; and there was not a sail within sight. You may not think it, sir, but I felt as if I could cry like a child. I was faint with fatigue, and dried up with thirst, and I almost envied my poor partner his fate—leastways, if I had been as ready to die as he was.

"All that day, sir, I was on the water, holding on to the old boat. It was a dark, gloomy day; but that was a mercy: if the sun had been hot upon me, I should have gone mad, I think; as it was, I was only chilled to the bones, while the showers that now and then fell, if they soaked me to the skin, they helped me to quench my thirst.

"About noon that day I looked round and saw a sail, maybe a couple of miles to windward. I need not say how I watched it, and what I would have given to have been within hail. It came nearer, and I shouted—nearer still, and I shouted again. I thought they heard me, for in a minute or two the ship's course was altered a point or so. I kept hailing, sir, till my voice was gone; and then I saw the vessel—a schooner—sailing off, when there wasn't, maybe, half a mile between us.

"That afternoon, another sail, and then another passed me, but too far off for me to make myself heard, while I knew I was being drifted every minute farther out to sea.

"It was getting towards dusk, and I was nearly perished with cold and hunger. A sort of feeling came over me, sir, that it was no use to hold on any longer. It was better to die at once than to die by inches in that way. I think my senses wandered, or perhaps I swooned; I can't say; but I know I had hold of the keel with both hands, and my head was across my arms, when, all at once, the flapping of a sail roused me, and then I heard a shout, 'A-hoy there—boat a-hoy!'

"I never heard such a blessed sound as that in my whole life, sir, before or since—never. You may think how it put life into me. In five minutes more I was safe on board the vessel, that had pretty near been running me down. She was a coal brig.

"Well, sir, three days afterwards I was landed, fifty miles more from home. You may guess that I was not longer on the road than I could help. It was towards nightfall that I stepped up softly to the cottage door. A light was burning, and the curtains were not drawn. I looked in, sir. There was poor Esther, pale and thin with grief and watching, nursing our little one and hushing it to sleep. Beside her was a neighbor busy at needlework, and on the table was a heap of black stuff and crape. I did not wait to see any more; the next minute poor Esther was in my arms. A happy night that was for us, sir."

From the British Quarterly Review.

1. *The English Humorists of the Eighteenth Century.* A Series of Lectures. By W. M. Thackeray. London: Smith, Elder, & Co., 1853.
2. *The Life of Swift.* By Sir Walter Scott. Edinburgh: Cadell, 1848.

IN dividing the history of English literature into periods, it is customary to take the interval between the year 1688 and the year 1727 as constituting one of those periods. This interval includes the reigns of William III., Anne, and George I. If we do not bind ourselves too precisely to the year 1727 as closing the period, the division is proper enough. There are characteristics about the time thus marked out, which distinguish it from previous and from subsequent portions of our literary history. Dryden, Locke, and some other notabilities of the Restoration, lived into this period, and may be regarded as partly belonging to it; but the names more peculiarly representing it are those of Swift, Burnet, Addison, Steele, Pope, Shaftesbury, Gay, Arbuthnot, Atterbury, Prior, Parnell, Bolingbroke, Congreve, Vanbrugh, Farquhar, Rowe, Defoe, and Cibber. The names in this cluster disperse themselves over the three reigns which the period includes, some of them having already been known as early as the accession of William, while others survived the first George, and continued to add to their celebrity during the reign of his successor; but the most brilliant portion of the period was from 1702 to 1714 or thereby, when Queen Anne was on the throne. Hence the name of "wits of Queen Anne's reign," commonly applied to the writers of the whole period.

A while ago this used to be spoken of as the golden or Augustan age of English literature. We do not talk in that manner now. We feel that when we get among the authors of the times of Queen Anne and the first George, we are among very pleasant and very clever men, but by no means among giants. In coming down to this period from those going before it, we have an immediate sensation of having left the region of "greatness" behind us. We still find plenty of good writing, characterized by certain qualities of trimness, artificial grace, and the like, to a degree not before attained; here and there also, we discern something like real power and strength, breaking through the prevailing element; but, on the whole, there is an absence of what, except by a compromise of language, could be called "great." It is the same whether we regard largeness of imaginative faculty, loftiness of moral spirit, or vigor of speculative capacity, as principally concerned in imparting the character of "greatness" to literature. What of genius in the ideal survived the seventeenth

century in England, contented itself with nice little imaginations of scenes and circumstances connected with the artificial life of the time; the moral quality most in repute was kindness or courtesy; and speculation did not go beyond that point where thought retains the form either of ordinary good sense, or of keen momentary wit. No sooner, in fact, do we pass the time of Milton, than we feel that we have done with the sublimities. A kind of lumbering largeness does remain in the intellectual gait of Dryden and his contemporaries, as if the age still wore the armor of the old literary forms, though not at home in it; but in Pope's days, even the affectation of the "great" had ceased. Not slowly to build up a grand poem of continuous ideal action, not quietly and at leisure to weave forth tissues of fantastic imagery, not perseveringly and laboriously to prosecute one track of speculation and bring it to a close, not earnestly and courageously to throw one's whole soul into a work of moral agitation and reform, was now what was regarded as natural in literature. On the contrary, he was a wit or a literary man, who, living in the midst of the social bustle, or on the skirts of it, could throw forth, in the easiest manner, little essays, squibs, and *jeux d'esprit*, pertinent to the rapid occasions of the hour, and never tasking the mind too long or too much. This was the time when that great distinction between Whiggism and Toryism, which, for a century and a half has existed in Great Britain as a kind of permanent social condition, affecting the intellectual activity of all natives from the moment of their birth, first began to be practically operative. It has, on the whole, been a wretched thing for the mind of England to have had this necessity of being either a Whig or a Tory put so prominently before it. Perhaps, in all times, some similar necessity of taking one side or the other in some current form of controversy, has afflicted the leading minds and tormented the more genial among them; but we question if ever in this country in previous times there was a form of controversy, so little to be identified, in real reason, with the one only true controversy between good and evil, and so capable, therefore, of breeding confusion and mischief, when so identified in practice, as this poor controversy of Whig and Tory which came in with the Revolution. To be called upon to be either a Puritan or a Cavalier — there was some possibility of complying with that call, and still leading a tolerably free and large intellectual life; though possibly it was one cause of the rich mental development of the Elizabethan epoch that the men of that time were exempt from any personal obligation of attending even to this distinction. But, to be called upon to be either a Whig or a Tory — why, how on earth can one retain any of the larger humani-

ties about him, if society is to hold him by the neck between two stools such as these, pointing alternately to the one and to the other, and incessantly asking him on which of the two he means to sit? Into a mind trained to regard adhesiveness to one or other of these stools as the first rule of duty or of prudence, what thoughts of any high interest can find their way? Or, if any such do find their way, how are they to be adjusted to so mean a rule? Nowadays, our higher spirits solve the difficulty by kicking both stools down, and plainly telling society that they will not bind themselves to sit on either, or even on both put together. Hence partly it is that, in recent times, we have had renewed specimens of the "great" or "sublime" in literature—the poetry, for example, of a Byron, a Wordsworth, or a Tennyson. But, in the interval between 1688 and 1727, there was not one wit alive whom society let off from the necessity of being, and declaring himself, either a Whig or a Tory. Constitutionally, and by circumstances, Pope was the man who could have most easily obtained the exemption; but even Pope professed himself a Tory. Addison and Steele were Whigs. In short, every literary man was bound, by the strongest of all motives, to keep in view, as a permanent fact qualifying his literary undertakings, the distinction between Whiggism and Toryism, and to give to at least a considerable part of his writings the character of pamphlets or essays in the service of his party. To minister by the pen to the occasions of Whiggism and Toryism was, therefore, the main business of the wits both in prose and in verse. Out of these occasions of ministration there of course arose personal quarrels, and these furnished fresh opportunities to the men of letters. Critics of previous writings could be satirized and lampooned, and thus the circle of subjects was widened. Moreover, there was abundant matter, capable of being treated consistently with either Whiggism or Toryism, in the social foibles and peculiarities of the day, as we see in the *Tatler* and the *Spectator*. Nor could a genial mind like that of Steele, a man of taste and fine thought like Addison, and an intellect so keen, exquisite, and sensitive as that of Pope, fail to variegate and surround all the duller and harder literature thus called into being, with more lasting touches of the humorous, the fanciful, the sweet, the impassioned, the meditative, and the ideal. Thus from one was obtained the character of a *Sir Roger de Coverley*, from another a *Vision of Mirza*, and from a third a *Windsor Forest*, an *Epistle of Heloise*, and much else that delights us still. After all, however, it remains true that the period of English literature now in question, whatever admirable characteristics it may possess, exhibits a remarkable deficiency of what, with recollections of former pe-

riods to guide us in our use of epithets, we should call great or sublime.

With the single exception of Pope, and excepting him only out of deference to his peculiar position as the poet or metrical artist of his day, the greatest name in the history of English literature during the early part of last century is that of Swift. In certain fine and deep qualities, Addison and Steele and perhaps Farquhar excelled him, just as in the succeeding generation Goldsmith had a finer vein of genius than was to be found in Johnson with all his massiveness; but in natural brawn and strength, in original energy and force and imperiousness of brain, he excelled them all. It was about the year 1702, when he was already thirty-five years of age, that this strangest specimen of an Irishman, or of an Englishman born in Ireland, first attracted attention in London literary circles. The scene of his first appearance was Button's coffee-house; the witnesses were Addison, Ambrose Philips, and other wits, belonging to Addison's little senate, who used to assemble there.

They had for several successive days observed a strange clergyman come into the coffee-house, who seemed utterly unacquainted with any of those who frequented it, and whose custom it was to lay his hat down on a table, and walk backward and forward at a good pace for half an hour or an hour, without speaking to any mortal, or seeming in the least to attend to anything that was going forward there. He then used to take up his hat, pay his money at the bar, and walk away without opening his lips. After having observed this singular behavior for some time, they concluded him to be out of his senses; and the name that he went by among them, was that of "the mad parson." This made them more than usually attentive to his motions; and one evening, as Mr. Addison and the rest were observing him, they saw him cast his eyes several times on a gentleman in boots, who seemed to be just come out of the country, and at last advance towards him, as intending to address him. They were all eager to hear what this dumb mad parson had to say, and immediately quitted their seats to get near him. Swift went up to the country gentleman, and in a very abrupt manner, without any previous salute, asked him, "Pray, sir, do you remember any good weather in the world?" The country gentleman, after staring a little at the singularity of his manner, and the oddity of the question, answered, "Yes, sir; I thank God I remember a great deal of good weather in my time." "That is more," said Swift, "than I can say; I never remember any weather that was not too hot or too cold, too wet or too dry; but however God Almighty contrives it, at the end of the year 'tis all very well." Upon saying this, he took up his hat, and without uttering a syllable more, or taking the least notice of any one, walked out of the coffee-house, leaving all those who had been spectators of this odd scene

staring after him, and still more confirmed in the opinion of his being mad."—*Dr. Sheridan's Life of Swift, quoted in Scott's Life.*

If the company present had had sufficient means of information, they would have found that the mad parson with the harsh, swarthy features, and eyes "azure as the heavens," whose oddities thus amused them, was Jonathan Swift, then clergyman of Laracor, a rural parish in the diocese of Meath in Ireland. They would have found that he was an Irishman by birth though of pure English descent; that he could trace a relationship to Dryden; that, being born after his father's death, he had been educated at the expense of his relatives, at Trinity College, Dublin; that leaving Ireland in his twenty-second year, and with but a sorry character from the College authorities, he had been received as a humble dependent into the family of Sir William Temple, at Sheen and Moorpark, near London, that courtly whig and ex-ambassador being distantly connected with his mother's family; that here, while acting as Sir William's secretary, amanuensis, librarian, and what not, he had begun to write verses and other trifles, some of which he had shown to Dryden, who had told him in reply that they were sad stuff, and that he would never be a poet; that still, being of a restless, ambitious temper, he had not given up hopes of obtaining introduction into public employment in England through Sir William Temple's influence; that, at length, at the age of twenty-eight, despairing of anything better, he had quarrelled with Sir William, returned to Ireland, taken priest's orders, and settled in a living; that again, disgusted with Ireland and his prospects in that country, he had come back to Moorpark and resided there till 1699, when Sir William's death had obliged him finally to return to Ireland, and accept, first, a chaplaincy to Lord Justice Berkeley, and then his present living in the diocese of Meath. If curious about the personal habits of this restless Irish parson, they might have found that he had already won the reputation of an eccentric in his own parish and district; performing his parochial duties when at home, with scrupulous care, yet by his language and manners often shocking all ideas of clerical decorum, and begetting a doubt as to his sincerity in the religion he professed; boisterous, fierce, overbearing and insulting to all about him, yet often doing acts of real kindness; exact and economical in his management of money to the verge of actual parsimony, yet, on occasion, spending his money freely and never without pensioners living on his bounty. They would have found that he was habitually irritable, and that he was subject to a recurring giddiness of the head, or vertigo,

which he had brought on, as he had thought himself, by a surfeit of fruit while staying with Sir William Temple, at Sheen. And, what might have been the best bit of gossip of all, they would have found that, though unmarried, and entertaining a most unaccountable and violent aversion to the very idea of marriage, he had taken over to reside with him, or close to his neighborhood, in Ireland, a certain young and beautiful girl named Hester Johnson, with whom he had formed an acquaintance in Sir William Temple's house, where she had been brought up, and where, though she passed as a daughter of Sir William's steward, she was believed to be, in reality, a natural daughter of Sir William himself. They would have found that his relations to this girl, whom he had himself educated from her childhood at Sheen and Moorpark, were of a very singular and puzzling kind; that, on the one hand, she was devotedly attached to him, and on the other, he cherished a passionate affection for her, wrote and spoke of her as his "Stella," and liked always to have her near him; yet that a marriage between them seemed not to be thought of by either; and that in order to have her near him without giving rise to scandal, he had taken the precaution to bring over an elderly maiden lady, called Mrs. Dingley, to reside with her as a companion, and was most careful to be in her society only when this Mrs. Dingley was present.

There was mystery and romance enough, therefore, about the wild, black-browed Irish parson, who attracted the regards of the wits in Button's coffee-house. What had brought him there? That was partly a mystery, too; but the mystery would have been pretty well solved if it had been known that, uncouth-looking clerical lout as he was, he was an author like the rest of them, having just written a political pamphlet which was making or was to make a good deal of noise in the world, and having at that moment in his pocket at least one other piece which he was about to publish. The political pamphlet was an *Essay on the Civil Discords in Athens and Rome*, having an obvious bearing on certain dissensions then threatening to break up the Whig party in Great Britain. It was received as a vigorous piece of writing on the ministerial side, and was ascribed by some to Lord Somers, and by others to Burnet. Swift had come over to claim it, and to see what it and his former connection with Temple could do for him among the leading Whigs. For, the truth was, an ambition equal to his consciousness of power gnawed at the heart of this furious and gifted man, whom a perverse fate had flung away into an obscure vicarage on the wrong side of the channel. His books, his garden, his canal with its willows at Laracor;

his dearly-beloved Roger Coxe, and the other perplexed and admiring parishioners of Laracor over whom he domineered; his clerical colleagues in the neighborhood; and even the society of Stella, the wittiest and best of her sex, whom he loved better than any other creature on earth—all these were insufficient to occupy the craving void in his mind. He hated Ireland, and regarded his lot there as one of banishment; he longed to be in London and struggling in the centre of whatever was going on. About the date of his appointment to the living of Laracor he had lost the rich deanery of Derry, which Lord Berkeley had meant to give him, in consequence of a notion on the part of the bishop of the diocese that he was a restless, ingenious young man, who, instead of residing, would be "eternally flying backwards and forwards to London." The bishop's perception of his character was just. At or about the very time that the wits at Button's saw him stalking up and down in the coffee-house, the priest of Laracor was introducing himself to Somers, Halifax, Sunderland, and others, and stating the terms on which he would support the Whigs with his pen. Even then, it seems, he took high ground and let it be known that he was no mere hireling. The following, written at a much later period, is his own explanation of the nature and limits of his Whiggism, at the time when he first offered the Whigs his services:—

It was then (1701-2) I began to trouble myself with the differences between the principles of Whig and Tory; having formerly employed myself in other, and, I think, much better speculations. I talked often upon this subject with Lord Somers; told him that, having been long conversant with the Greek and Latin authors, and therefore a lover of liberty, I found myself much inclined to be what they call a Whig in politics; and that, besides, I thought it impossible, upon any other principles, to defend or submit to the Revolution; but, as to religion, I confessed myself to be a high-churchman, and that I could not conceive how any one, who wore the habit of a clergyman, could be otherwise: that I had observed very well with what insolence and haughtiness some lords of the high-church party treated not only their own chaplains, but all other clergymen whatsoever, and thought this was sufficiently recompensed by their professions of zeal to the church, that I had likewise observed how the Whig lords took a direct contrary measure, treated the persons of particular clergymen with particular courtesy, but showed much contempt and ill-will for the order in general: that I knew it was necessary for their party to make their bottom as wide as they could, by taking all denominations of Protestants to be members of their body: that I would not enter into the mutual reproaches made by the violent men on either side: but that, the connivance or encouragement given by the Whigs to those

writers of pamphlets who reflected upon the whole body of the clergy, without any exception, would unite the church to one man to oppose them; and that I doubted his lordship's friends did not consider the consequences of this.

Even with these limitations, the assistance of so energetic a man as the parson of Laracor was doubtless welcome to the Whigs. His former connection with the stately old Revolution Whig, Sir William Temple, may have prepared the way for him, as it had already been the means of making him known in some aristocratic families. But there was evidence in his personal bearing and his writings that he was not a man to be neglected. And if there had been any doubt on the subject on his presentation of himself to ministers, the publication of *Battle of the Books* and his *Tale of a Tub* in 1703 and 1704 would have set it overwhelmingly at rest. The author of these works (and though they were anonymous, they were at once referred to Swift) could not but be acknowledged as the first prose satirist and one of the most formidable writers of the age. On his subsequent visits to Button's, therefore—and they were frequent enough; for, as the Bishop of Derby had foreseen, he was often an absentee from his parish—the mad Irish parson was no longer a stranger to the company. Addison, Steele, Tickell, Philips, and the other Whig wits came to know him well and to feel his weight among them in their daily convivial meetings. "To Dr. Jonathan Swift, the most agreeable companion, the truest friend, and the greatest genius of the age," was the inscription written by Addison on a copy of his *Travels* presented to Swift; and it shows what opinion Addison and those about him had formed of the author of the *Tale of a Tub*.

Thus, passing and repassing between Laracor and London, now lording it over his Irish parishioners, and now filling the literary and Whig haunts of the great metropolis with the terror of his merciless wit and talk behind his back of his eccentricities and rude manners, Swift spent the interval between 1702 and 1710, or between his thirty-sixth and his forty-fourth year. His position as a High-Church Whig, however, was an anomalous one. In the first place, it was difficult to see how such a man could honestly be in the Church at all. People were by no means strict, in those days, in their notions of the clerical character; but the *Tale of a Tub* was a strong dose even to have come from a clergyman. If Voltaire afterwards recommended the book as a masterly satire against religion in general, it cannot be wondered at that an outcry arose among Swift's contemporaries respecting the profanity of the book. It is true Peter and Jack, as the representatives of Popery and Presby-

terianism, came in for the greatest share of the author's scurrility; and Martin, as the representative of the Church of England, was left with the honors of the story: but the whole structure and spirit of the story, to say nothing of the oaths and other irreverences mingled with its language, was well calculated to shock the more serious even of Martin's followers, who could not but see that rank infidelity alone would be a gainer by the book. Accordingly, despite of all that Swift could afterwards do, the fact that he had written this book left a public doubt as to his Christianity. It is quite possible, however, that, with a very questionable kind of belief in Christianity, he may have been a conscientious High Churchman, zealous for the social defence and aggrandizement of the ecclesiastical institution with which he was connected. Whatever that institution was originally based upon, it existed as part and parcel of the commonwealth of England, rooted in the soil of men's habits and interests, and intertwined with the whole system of social order; and just as a Brahmin, lax enough in his own speculative allegiance to the Brahminical faith, might still desire to maintain Brahminism as a vast pervading establishment in Hindostan, so might Swift, with a heart and a head dubious enough respecting men's eternal interest in the facts of the Judean record, see a use notwithstanding in that fabric of bishoprics, deaneries, prebendaries, parochial livings, and curacies, which ancient belief in those facts had first created and put together. This kind of respect for the Church Establishment is still very prevalent. It is a most excellent thing, it is thought by many, to have a cleanly, cultured, gentlemanly man invested with authority in every parish throughout the land, who can look after what is going on, fill up schedules, give advice, and take the lead in all parish business. That Swift's faith in the Church included no more than this perception of its uses as a vast administrative and educational establishment, we will not take upon us to say. Mr. Thackeray, indeed, openly avows his opinion that Swift had no belief in the Christian religion. "Swift's," he says, "was a reverent, was a pious spirit—he could love and could pray;" but such religion as he had Mr. Thackeray hints, was a kind of mad, despairing Deism, and had nothing of Christianity in it. Hence, "having put that cask on, it poisoned him; he was strangled in his bands." The question thus broached as to the nature of Swift's religion is too deep to be discussed here. Though we would not exactly say, with Mr. Thackeray, that Swift's was a "reverent" and "pious" spirit, there are, as he phrases it, breakings out of "the stars of religion and love" shining in the serene blue through "the driving clouds and the maddened hurricane of Swift's life;"

and this, though vague, is about all that we have warrant for saying. As to the zeal of his Churchmanship, however, there is no doubt at all. There was not a man in the British realms more pugnacious in the interests of his order, more resolute in defending the prerogatives of the Church of England against Dissenters and others desirous of limiting them, or more anxious to elevate the social position and intellectual character of the clergy, than the author of the *Tale of a Tub*. No veteran commander of a regiment could have had more of the military than the parson of Laracor had of the ecclesiastical *esprit de corps*; and, indeed, Swift's known dislike to the military may be best explained as the natural jealousy of the surplice at the larger consideration accorded by society to the scarlet coat. Almost all Swift's writings between 1702 and 1710 are assertions of his High Church sentiments and vindications of the Establishment against its assailants. Thus, in 1708 came forth his *Letter on the Sacramental Test*, a hot High Church and anti-Dissenter pamphlet; and this was followed in the same year by his *Sentiments of a Church of England Man with respect to Religion and Government*, and, by his ironical argument, aimed at Freethinkers and latitudinarians, entitled *Reasons against Abolishing Christianity*. In 1709 he published a graver pamphlet, under the name of a *Project for the advancement of Religion*, in which he urged certain measures for the reform of public morals and the strengthening of the establishment, recommending in particular a scheme of Church-extension. Thus, with all his readiness to help the Whigs politically, Swift was certainly faithful to his High-Church principles. But, as we have said, a High Church Whig was an anomaly which the Whigs refused to comprehend. Latitudinarians, Low Churchmen, and Dissenters did not know what to make of a Whiggism in state-politics which was conjoined with the strongest form of ecclesiastical Toryism. Hence, despite of all his ability, Swift was not a man that the Whigs could patronize and prefer. They were willing to have the benefit of his assistance, but their favors were reserved for men more wholly their own. Various things were, indeed, talked of for Swift—the secretaryship to the proposed embassy of Lord Berkeley to Vienna, a prebendary of Westminster, the office of historiographer-royal, nay, even a bishopric in the American colonies—but all came to nothing. Swift, at the age of forty-three, and certified by Addison as "the greatest genius of the age," was still only an Irish parson, with some £350 or £400 a year. How strange if the plan of the Transatlantic bishopric had been carried out, and Swift had settled in Virginia!

Meanwhile, though neglected by the English Whigs, Swift has risen to be a leader among the Irish clergy—a great man in their convocations and other ecclesiastical assemblies. The object which the Irish clergy then had at heart was to procure from the Government an extension to Ireland of a boon granted several years before to the clergy of England—namely, the remission of the tax levied by the Crown on the revenues of the Church since the days of Henry VIII, in the shape of tenths and first-fruits. This remission, which would have amounted to about £16,000 a year, the Whigs were not disposed to grant, the corresponding remission in the case of England not having been followed by the expected benefits. Archbishop King and the other prelates were glad to have Swift as their agent in this business; and, accordingly, he was absent from Ireland for upwards of twelve months continuously in the years 1708 and 1709. It was during this period that he set London in roars of laughter by his famous Bickerstaff hoax, in which he first predicted the death of Partridge, the astrologer, at a particular day and hour, and then nearly drove the wretched tradesman mad by declaring, when the time was come, that the prophecy had been fulfilled, and publishing a detailed account of the circumstances. Out of this Bickerstaff hoax, and Swift's talk over it with Addison and Steele, arose the *Tatler*, prolific parent of so many other periodicals.

The year 1710 was an important one in the life of Swift. In that year he came over to London, resolved in his own mind to have a settlement of accounts with the Whigs or to break with them for ever. The Irish ecclesiastical business of the tenths and first-fruits was still his pretext; but he had many other arrears to introduce into the account. Accordingly, after some civil skirmishing with Somers, Halifax, and his other old friends, then just turned out of office, he openly transferred his allegiance to the new Tory administration of Harley and Bolingbroke. The 4th of October, not quite a month after his arrival in London, was the date of his first interview with Harley; and, from that day forward till the dissolution of Harley's administration by the death of Queen Anne in 1714, Swift's relations with Harley, St. John, and the other ministers, were more those of an intimate friend and adviser than of a literary dependent. How he dined almost daily with Harley or St. John; how he bullied them and made them beg his pardon when by chance they offended him—either, as Harley once did, by offering him a fifty-pound note, or, as St. John once did, by appearing cold and abstracted when Swift was his guest at dinner; how he obtained from them, not only the settlement of the Irish business, but almost every-

thing else he asked; how he used his influence to prevent Steele, Addison, Congreve, Rowe, and his other Whig literary friends, from suffering loss of office by the change in the state of politics, at the same time growing cooler in his private intercourse with Addison and poor Dick, and tending more to young Tory writers, such as Pope and Parnell; how, with Pope, Gay, Arbuthnot, Harley, and St. John, he formed the famous club of the *Scriblerus* brotherhood, for the satire of literary absurdities; how he wrote squibs, pamphlets, and lampoons innumerable for the Tories and against the Whigs, and at one time actually edited a Tory paper called the *Examiner*:—all this is to be gathered, in most interesting detail, from his epistolary journal to Stella, in which he punctually kept her informed of all his doings during his long three years' absence. The following is a description of him at the height of his court influence during this season of triumph, from the Whiggish, and therefore somewhat adverse pen of Bishop Kennet:—

When I came to the antechamber (at Court) to wait before prayers, Dr. Swift was the principal man of talk and business, and acted as master of requests. He was soliciting the Earl of Arran to speak to his brother, the Duke of Ormond, to get a chaplain's place established in the garrison of Hull for Mr. Fiddes, a clergyman in that neighborhood, who had lately been in jail, and published sermons to pay the fees. He was promising Mr. Thorold to undertake with my lord treasurer that, according to his petition, he should obtain a salary of £200 per annum as minister of the English church at Rotterdam.—He stopped F. Gwynne, Esq., going in with the red bag to the Queen, and told him aloud he had something to say to him from my lord-treasurer. He talked with the son of Dr. Davenant, to be sent abroad, and took out his pocket-book and wrote down several things as *memoranda*, to do for him. He turned to the fire, and took out his gold watch, and telling him the time of the day, complained it was very late. A gentleman said he was too fast. 'How can I help it,' says the Doctor, 'If the courtiers give me a watch that won't go right?' Then he instructed a young nobleman, that the best poet in England was Mr. Pope (a Papist), who had begun a translation of Homer into English verse, for which he must have them all subscribe; 'for,' says he, 'the author shall not begin to print till I have a thousand guineas for him.' Lord-treasurer, after leaving the Queen, came through the room, beckoning Dr. Swift to follow him: both went off just before prayers.

Let us see, by a few pickings from the journal to Stella, in what manner the black-browed Irish vicar, who was thus figuring in the mornings at Court as the friend and confidant of Ministers, and almost as their domineering colleague, was writing home from his

lodging in the evening to the "dear girls" at Laracor.

Dec. 3, 1710. 'Pshaw, I must be writing to those dear saucy brats every night, whether I will or no, let me have what business I will, or come home ever so late, or be ever so sleepy; but it is an old saying and a true one, 'Be you lords or be you earls, you must write to naughty girls.' I was to-day at Court, and saw Raymond [an Irish friend] among the Beefeaters, staying to see the Queen: so I put him in a better station, made two or three dozen bows, and went to church, and then to Court again to pick up a dinner, as I did with Sir John Stanley, and then we went to visit Lord Mountjoy; and just left him; and 'tis near eleven at night, young women, and methinks this letter comes very near to the bottom, etc., etc.

Jan. 1, 1711. Morning. I wish my dearest pretty Dingley and Stella a happy new year, and health, and mirth, and good stomachs and Fr's company. Faith, I did not know how to write Fr. I wondered what was the matter; but now I remember I always write Pdfr [by this combination of letters, or by the word *Presto*, Swift designates himself in the Journal] * * Get the *Examiners* and read them; the last nine or ten are full of reasons for the late change, and of the abuses of the last ministry; and the great men assure me they are all true. They were written by their encouragement and direction. I must rise and go see Sir Andrew Fountain; but perhaps to-morrow I may answer M. D's [Stella's designation in the Journal] letter: so good morrow, my mistresses all, good morrow. I wish you both a merry new year; roast beef, minced pies, and good strong beer; and me a share of your good cheer; that I was there or you were here; and you're a little saucy dear, etc., etc.

Jan. 13, 1711. O faith, had an ugly giddy fit last night in my chamber, and I have got a new box of pills to take, and I hope shall have no more this good while. I would not tell you before, because it would vex you, little rogues; but now it is better. I dined to-day with Lord Shelburn, etc., etc.

Jan. 16, 1711. My service to Mrs. Stode and Walls. Has she a boy or a girl? A girl, hmm!, and died in a week, hmmm!, and was poor Stella forced to stand for godmother?—Let me know how accounts stand, that you may have your money betimes. There's four months for my lodging, that must be thought on too. And zoo go dine with Manley, and lose your money, doo extravagant sluttikin? But don't fret. It will just be three weeks when I have the next letter, that is, to-morrow. Farewell, dearest beloved M. D., and love poor, poor Presto, who has not had one happy day, since he left you, as hope to be saved.

March 7, 1711. I am weary of business and Ministers. I don't go to a coffee-house twice a month. I am very regular in going to sleep before eleven—And so you say that Stella's a pretty girl; and so she be, and methinks I see her just now, as handsome as the day's long. Do you know what? When I am writing in our

language [a kind of baby language of endearment used between him and Stella, and called 'the little language'] I make up my mouth just as if I was speaking it. I caught myself at it just now * * Poor Stella, wont Dingley leave her a little daylight to write to Presto? Well, well, we'll have daylight shortly, spite of her teeth; and zoo must cly Zele, and Hele, and Hele aden. Must loo mimitate Pdfr, pay? Iss, and so la shall. And so leles fol ee rattle. Dood mollow (You must cry There and Here and Here again. Must you imitate Pdfr, pray?—Yes, and so you shall. And so there's for the letter. Good morrow).

And so on, through a series of daily letters, forming now a goodly octavo volume or more, Swift chats and rattles away to the "dear absent girls," giving them all the political gossip of the time, and informing them about his own goings-out and comings-in; his dinings with Harley, St. John, and occasionally with Addison and other old Whig friends; the state of his health; his troubles with his drunken servant Patrick; his lodging-expenses; and a host of other things. Such another journal has, perhaps, never been given to the world; and, but for it, we should never have known what depths of tenderness, and power of affectionate prattle, there were in the heart of this harsh and savage man. Only on one topic, affecting himself during his long stay in London, is he in any degree reserved. Among the acquaintanceships he had formed was one with a Mrs. Vanhomrigh, a widow lady of property, who had a family of several daughters. The eldest of these, Hester Vanhomrigh, was a girl of more than ordinary talent and accomplishments, and of enthusiastic and impetuous character; and as Swift acquired the habit of dropping in upon the "Vans," as he called them, when he had no other dinner-engagement, it was not long before he and Miss Vanhomrigh fell into the relationship of teacher and pupil. He taught her to think, and to write verses; and as, among Swift's other peculiarities of opinion, one was that he entertained what would even now be called very advanced notions as to the intellectual capabilities and rights of women, he found no more pleasant amusement in the midst of his politics and other business, than that of superintending the growth of so hopeful a mind.

His conduct might have made him styled
A father, and the nymph his child:
The innocent delight he took
To see the virgin mind her book,
Was but the master's secret joy
In school to hear the finest boy.

But, alas! Cupid got among the books.

Vanessa, not in years a score,
Dreams of a gown of forty-four;
Imaginary charms can find

In eyes with reading almost blind;
She fancies music in his tongue,
Nor farther looks, but thinks him young.

Nay, more, one of Swift's lessons to her had been, that frankness, whether in man or woman, was one of the chief of the virtues, and

That common forms were not designed
Directors to a noble mind.

"Then," said the nymph,

'I'll let you see
My actions with your rules agree,
That I can vulgar forms despise,
And have no secrets to disguise.'

She told her love, and fairly argued it out with the startled tutor, discussing every element in the question, whether for or against—the disparity of their ages, her own five thousand guineas, their similarity of tastes, his views of ambition, the judgment the world would form of the match, and so on; and the end of it was that she reasoned so well that Swift could not but admit that there would be nothing, after all, so very incongruous in a marriage between him and Esther Vanhomrigh. So the matter rested, Swift gently resisting the impetuosity of the young woman, when it threatened to take him by storm, but not having the courage to adduce the real and conclusive argument—the existence, on the other side of the channel, of another and a dearer Esther. Stella, on her side, knew that Swift visited a family called the "Yangs;" she divined that something was wrong; but that was all.

That Swift, the mentor of Ministers, their daily companion, their factotum, at whose bidding they dispensed their patronage and their favor, should himself be suffered to remain a mere vicar of an Irish parish, was of course impossible. Vehement and even boisterous and overdone as was his zeal for his own independence—"if we let these great ministers pretend too much, there will be no governing them," was his maxim; and, in order to act up to it, he used to treat Dukes and Earls as if they were dogs—there were yet means of honorably acknowledging his services in a way to which he would have taken no exception. Nor can we doubt that Oxford and St. John, who were really and heartily his admirers, were anxious to promote him in some suitable manner. An English Bishopric was certainly what he coveted, and what they would at once have given him. But though the Bishopric of Hereford fell vacant in 1712, there was, as Sir Walter Scott says, "a lion in the path." Queen Anne, honest dowdy woman,—her instinctive dislike of Swift, strengthened by the private influence of the Archbishop of York and the Duchess of Somers-

set, whose red hair Swift had lampooned—obstinately refused to make the author of the *Tale of a Tub* a Bishop. Even an English Deanery could not be found for so questionable a Christian; and in 1713, Swift was obliged to accept, as the best thing he could get, the Deanery of St. Patrick's, in his native city of Dublin. He hurried over to Ireland to be installed, and came back just in time to partake in the last struggles and dissensions of the Tory administration, before Queen Anne's death. By his personal exertions with Ministers, and his pamphlet entitled *Public Spirit of the Whigs*, he tried to buoy up the sinking Tory cause. But the Queen's death destroyed all; with George I. the Whigs came in again; the late Tory ministers were dispersed and disgraced, and Swift shared their fall. "Dean Swift," says Arbuthnot, "keeps up his noble spirit, and though like a man knocked down, you may behold him still with a stern countenance, and aiming a blow at his adversaries." He returned, with rage and grief in his heart, to Ireland—a disgraced man, and in danger of arrest on account of his connection with the late ministers. Even in Dublin he was insulted as he walked in the streets.

For twelve years—that is, from 1714 to 1726—Swift did not quit Ireland. At his first coming, as he tells us in one of his letters, he was "horribly melancholy;" but the melancholy began to wear off, and having made up his mind to his exile in the country of his detestation, he fell gradually into the routine of his duties as Dean. How he boarded in a private family in the town, stipulating for leave to invite his friends to dinner at so much a head, and only having two evenings a week at the Deanery for larger receptions; how he brought Stella and Mrs. Dingley from Laracor and settled them in lodgings on the other side of the Liffy, keeping up the same precautions in his intercourse with them as before, but devolving the management of his receptions at the Deanery upon Stella, who did all the honors of the house; how he had his own way in all Cathedral business, and had always a few clergymen and others in his train, who toadied him, and took part in the facetious horse-play of which he was fond; how gradually his physiognomy became known to the citizens, and his eccentricities familiar to them, till the "Dean" became the lion of Dublin, and everybody turned to look at him as he walked in the streets; how, among the Dean's other oddities, he was popularly charged with stinginess in his entertainments, and a sharp look out after the wine; how sometimes he would fly off from town and take refuge in some country-seat of a friendly Irish nobleman; how, all this while he was reading books of all kinds, writing notes and jottings, and corresponding with Pope, Gay,

Prior, Arbuthnot, Oxford, Bolinbroke, and other literary and political friends in London or abroad—are matters in the recollection of all who have read any of the biographies of Swift. It is also known that it was during this period that the Stella-and-Vanessa imbrolio reached its highest degree of entanglement. Scarcely had the Dean located Stella and Mrs. Dingley in their lodging in Dublin, when, as he had feared, the impetuous Vanessa crossed the channel to be near to him too. Her mother's death, and the fact that she and her younger sister had a small property in Ireland, were pretext enough. A scrap or two from surviving letters will tell the sequel, and will suggest the state of the relations, at this time, between Swift, and this unhappy, and certainly very extraordinary woman.

Swift to Miss Vanhomrigh: London, Aug. 12, 1714. "I had your letter last post, and before you can send me another, I shall set out for Ireland. ** If you are in Ireland when I am there, I shall see you very seldom. It is not a place for any freedom, but where everything is known in a week, and magnified a hundred degrees. These are rigorous laws that must be passed through; but it is probable we may meet in London in winter; or, if not, leave all to fate." ***

Miss Vanhomrigh to Swift: Dublin, 1714, (some time after August). "You once had a maxim, which was to act what was right, and not mind what the world would say. I wish you would keep to it now. Pray, what can be wrong in seeing and advising an unhappy young woman? I cannot imagine. You cannot but know that your frowns make my life unsupportable. You have taught me to distinguish, and then you leave me miserable" ***

Miss Vanhomrigh to Swift: Dublin, 1714. "You bid me be easy, and you would see me as often as you could. You had better have said, as often as you could get the better of your inclinations so much; or, as often as you remembered there was such a one in the world. If you continue to treat me as you do, you will not be made uneasy by me long. It is impossible to describe what I have suffered since I saw you last. I am sure I could have bore the rack much better than those killing, killing words of yours. Sometimes I have resolved to die, without seeing you more; but those resolves, to your misfortune, did not last long: for there is something in human nature that prompts one so to find relief in this world. I must give way to it, and beg you'd see me, and speak kindly to me. For I am sure you'd not condemn any one to suffer what I have done, could you but know it. The reason I write to you is, because I cannot tell it to you should I see you. For, when I begin to complain, then you are angry; and there is something in your looks so awful that it strikes me dumb." ***

Here a gap intervenes, which record fills up with but an indication here and there. Swift

saw Vanessa, sometimes with that "something awful in his looks which struck her dumb," sometimes with words of perplexed kindness; he persuaded her to go out, to read, to amuse herself; he introduced clergymen to her—one of them afterwards Archbishop of Cashell—as suitors for her hand; he induced her to leave Dublin, and go to her property at Selbridge, about twelve miles from Dublin, where now and then he went to visit her, where she used to plant laurels against every time of his coming, and where "Vanessa's bower," in which she and the Dean used to sit, with books and writing materials before them, during these happy visits, was long an object of interest to tourists; he wrote kindly letters to her, some in French, praising her talents, her conversation, and her writing, and saying that he found in her "*tout ce que la nature a doné a un mortel*"—"l'honneur, la vertu, le bon sens, l'esprit, la douceur, l'agrément et la fermeté d'ame." All did not suffice; and one has to fancy, during these long years, the restless beatings, on the one hand of that impassioned woman's heart, now lying as cold undistinguishable ashes in some Irish grave; and, on the other, the distraction, and anger, and daily terror of the man she clung to. For, somehow or other, there was an element of terror mingled with the affair. What it was, is beyond easy scrutiny; though possibly the data exist, if they were well sifted. The ordinary story is that, some time in the midst of these entanglements with Vanessa, and in consequence of their effects on the rival-relationship—Stella having been brought almost to death's door by the anxieties caused her by Vanessa's proximity, and by her own equivocal position in society—the form of marriage was gone through by Swift and Stella, and they became legally husband and wife, although with an engagement that the matter should remain secret, and that there should be no change in their manner of living. The year 1716, when Swift was forty-nine years of age, and Stella thirty-two, is assigned as the date of this event; and the ceremony is said to have been performed in the garden of the Deanery by the Bishop of Clogher. But more mystery remains. "Immediately subsequent to the ceremony," says Sir Walter Scott, "Swift's state of mind appears to have been dreadful. Delany (as I have learned from a friend of his widow), said that about the time it was supposed to have taken place, he observed Swift to be extremely gloomy and agitated—so much so that he went to Archbishop King to mention his apprehensions. On entering the library Swift rushed out with a countenance of distraction, and passed him without speaking. He found the Archbishop in tears; and, upon asking the reason, he said: "You have just met the most unhappy man on earth; but, on the subject of his wretchedness, you

must never ask a question." What are we to make of this? Nay more, what are we make of it, when we find that the alleged marriage of Swift with Stella, with which Scott connects the story, is after all denied by some as resting on no sufficient evidence—even Dr. Delany, though he believed in the marriage, and supposed it to have taken place about the time of his remarkable interview with the Archbishop, having no certain information on the subject? If we assume a secret marriage with Stella, indeed, the subsequent portion of the Vanessa story becomes more explicable. On this assumption, we are to imagine Swift continuing his letters to Vanessa, and his occasional visits to her at Selbridge on the old footing for some years after the marriage, with the undivulged secret ever in his mind, increasing tenfold his former awkwardness in encountering her presence. And so we come to the year 1720, when, as the following scraps will show, a new paroxysm on the part of Vanessa brought on a new crisis in their relations.

Miss Vanhomrigh to Swift: Selbridge, 1720.— "Believe me, it is with the utmost regret that I now write to you, because I know your good-nature such that you cannot see any human creature miserable without being sensibly touched. Yet what can I do? I must either unload my heart and tell you all its griefs, or sink under the inexpressible distress I now suffer by your prodigious neglect of me. It is now ten long weeks since I saw you, and in all that time I have never received but one letter from you, and a little note with an excuse. Oh, have you forgot me? You endeavor by severities to force me from you. Nor can I blame you; for with the utmost distress and confusion, I behold myself the cause of uneasy reflections to you. Yet I cannot comfort you, but here declare that it is not in the power of art, time, or accident, to lessen the inexpressible passion I have for—. Put my passion under the utmost restraint; send me as distant from you as the earth will allow; yet you cannot banish those charming ideas which will ever stick by me whilst I have the use of memory. Nor is the love I bear you only seated in my soul; for there is not a single atom of my frame that is not blended with it. Therefore, do not flatter yourself that separation will ever change my sentiments; for I find myself unquiet in the midst of silence, and my heart is at once pierced with sorrow and love. For Heaven's sake, tell me what has caused this prodigious change in you which I have found of late." ***

*Miss Vanhomrigh to Swift: Dublin, 1720. *** "I believe you thought I only rallied, when I told you, the other night, that I would pester you with letters. Once more I advise you, if you have any regard for your quiet, to alter your behavior quickly; for I do assure you, I have too much spirit to sit down contented with this treatment. Because I love frankness extremely, I here tell you now that I have determined to try all manner of human arts to

reclaim you; and if all these fail, I am resolved to have recourse to the black one, which, it is said, never does. Now see what inconvenience you will bring both yourself and me unto * * When I undertake a thing, I don't love to do it by halves."

Swift to Miss Vanhomrigh: Dublin, 1720. "If you write as you do, I shall come the seldomer on purpose to be pleased with your letters, which I never look into without wondering how a brat that cannot read can possibly write so well. * * Raillery apart, I think it inconvenient, for a hundred reasons, that I should make your house a sort of constant dwelling-place. I will certainly come as often as I conveniently can; but my health and the perpetual run of ill weather, hinder me from going out in the morning; and my afternoons are taken up I know not how, so that I am in rebellion with a hundred people besides yourself, for not seeing them. For the rest, you need make use of no other black art besides your ink. It is a pity your eyes are not black, or I would have said the same; but you are a white witch, and can do no mischief." * *

Swift to Miss Vanhomrigh: Dublin, 1720. "I received your letter when some company was with me on Saturday night, and it put me in such confusion that I could not tell what to do. This morning a woman, who does business for me, told me she heard I was in love with one—naming you—and twenty particulars; that little master—and I visited you, and that the Archbishop did so; and that you had abundance of wit, etc. I ever feared the tattle of this nasty town, and told you so; and that was the reason why I said to you long ago that I would see you seldom when you were in Ireland; and I must beg you to be easy, if, for some time, I visit you seldomer, and not in so particular a manner." * * *

*Miss Vanhomrigh to Swift: Selbridge, 1720. *** "Solitude is unsupportable to a mind which is not easy. I have worn out my days in sighing, and my nights with watching and thinking of —, who thinks not of me. How many letters shall I send you before I receive an answer? * * Oh, that I could hope to see you here, or that I could go to you! I was born with violent passions, which terminate all in one—that inexpressible passion I have, for you. * * Surely you cannot possibly be so taken up, but you might command a moment to write to me, and force your inclinations to so great a charity. I firmly believe, if I could know your thoughts (which no human creature is capable of guessing at, because never any one living thought like you), I should find you had often in a rage wished me religious, hoping then I should have paid my devotions to Heaven. But that would not spare you; for, were I an enthusiast, still you'd be the deity I should worship. What marks are there of a deity, but what you are to be known by? You are present everywhere; your dear image is always before my eyes.—Sometimes you strike me with that prodigious awe I tremble with fear; at other times a charming compassion shines through your countenance, which revives my soul. Is it not more reason—

able to adore a radiant form one has seen, than one only described?"

Swift to Miss Vanhomrigh: Dublin, October, 15, 1720. "All the morning I am plagued with impertinent visits, below any man of sense or honor to endure, if it were any way avoidable. Afternoons and evenings are spent abroad in walking to keep off and avoid spleen as far as I can; so that, when I am not so good a correspondent as I could wish, you are not to quarrel and be governor, but to impute it to my situation, and to conclude infallibly that I have the same respect and kindness for you I ever professed to have." ***

Swift to Miss Vanhomrigh: Gallstown, July 5, 1721. * * "Settle your affairs, and quit this scoundrel island, and things will be as you desire. I can say no more, being called away.—*Mais soyez assurée que jamais personne au monde n'a été aimée, honorée, estimée, adorée par votre ami que vous.*"

Vanessa did not quit the "scoundrel-island;" but, on the contrary, remained in it, unmanageable as ever. In 1722, about a year after the date of the last scrap, the catastrophe came. In a wild fit, Vanessa—as the story is—took the bold step of writing to Stella, insisting on an explanation of the nature of Swift's engagements to her; Stella placed the letter in Swift's hands; and Swift, in a paroxysm of fury, rode instantly to Selbridge, saw Vanessa without speaking, laid a letter on her table, and rode off again. The letter was Vanessa's death-warrant. Within a few weeks she was dead, having previously revoked a will in which she had bequeathed all her fortune to Swift.

Whatever may have been the purport of Vanessa's communication to Stella, it produced no change in Swift's relations to the latter. The pale pensive face of Hester Johnson, with her "fine dark eyes" and hair "black as a raven," was still to be seen on reception-evenings at the Deanery, where also she and Mrs. Dingley would sometimes take up their abode, when Swift was suffering from one of his attacks of vertigo, and required to be nursed. Nay, during those very years in which, as we have just seen, Swift was attending to the movements to and fro of the more imperious Vanessa in the back-ground, and assuaging her passion by visits and letters, and praises of her powers, and professions of his admiration of her beyond all her sex, he was all the while keeping up the same affectionate style of intercourse as ever with the more gentle Stella, whose happier lot it was to be stationed in the centre of his domestic circle, and addressing to her, in a less forced manner, praises singularly like those he addressed to her rival. Thus, every year, on Stella's birth-day, he wrote a little poem in honor of the occasion. Take the one for 1718, beginning thus:—

'Stella this day is thirty-four,
(We sha'n't dispute a year or more:)
However, Stella, be not troubled;
Although thy size and years be doubled,
Since first I saw thee at sixteen,
The brightest virgin on the green,
So little is thy form declined;
Made up so largely in thy mind.'

Stella would reciprocate these compliments by verses on the Dean's birth-day; and one is struck by the similarity of her acknowledgments of what the Dean had taught her and done for her, to those of Vanessa. Thus, in 1721,

"When men began to call me fair,
You interposed your timely care;
You early taught me to despise
The ogling of a coxcomb's eyes;
Shewed where my judgment was misplaced,
Refined my fancy and my taste.
You taught how I might youth prolong
By knowing what was right and wrong;
How from my heart to bring supplies
Of lustre to my fading eyes;
How soon a beauteous mind repairs
The loss of changed or falling hairs;
How wit and virtue from within
Send out a smoothness o'er the skin,
Your lectures could my fancy fix,
And I can please at thirty-six."

The death of Vanessa in 1722, left Swift from that time entirely Stella's. How she got over the Vanessa affair in her own mind, when the full extent of the facts became known to her, can only be guessed. When some one alluded to the fact that Swift had written beautifully about Vanessa, she is reported to have said, "That doesn't signify, for we all know the Dean could write beautifully about a broomstick." "A woman—a true woman," is Mr. Thackeray's characteristic comment.

To the world's end, those who take interest in Swift's life will range themselves either on the side of Stella or on that of Vanessa. Mr. Thackeray prefers Stella, but admits that in doing so, though the majority of men may be on his side, he will have most women against him. Which way Swift's heart inclined him, it is not difficult to see. Stella was the main influence of his life; the intimacy with Vanessa was but an episode. And yet when he speaks of the two women, as a critic, there is a curious equality in his appreciation of them. Of Stella he used to say that, her wit and judgment was such, that "she never failed to say the best thing that was said wherever she was in company;" and one of his epistolary compliments to Vanessa is that he had "always remarked that, neither in general nor in particular conversation, had any word ever escaped her lips that could by possibility have been better." Some little differences in his preceptorial treatment of them may be dis-

cerned, as, for example, when he finds it necessary to admonish poor Stella for her incorrigibly bad spelling—no such admonition, apparently, being required for Vanessa; or when, in praising Stella, he dwells chiefly on her honor and gentle kindness, whereas in praising Vanessa, he dwells chiefly on her genius and force of mind. But it is distinctly on record that his regard for both was founded on his belief that, in respect of intellectual habits and culture, both were above the contemporary standard of their sex. And here let us repeat that, not only from the evidence afforded by the whole story of Swift's relations to these two women, but also from the evidence of distinct doctrinal passages scattered through his works, it is plain that those who in the present day, both in this country and in America, maintain the intellectual equality of the two sexes, and the right of women to as full and varied an education, and as free a social use of their powers, as is allowed to men, may claim Swift as a pioneer in their cause. Both Stella and Vanessa have left their testimony that from the very first Swift took care to indoctrinate them with peculiar views on this subject; and both thank him for having done so. Stella even goes farther, and almost urges Swift to do on the great scale what he had done for her individually.

"O, turn your precepts into laws,
Redeem the women's ruined cause,
Retrieve lost empire to our sex,
That men may bow their rebel necks."

This fact that Swift had a theory on the subject of the proper mode of treating and educating women, which theory was in antagonism to the ideas of his time, explains much both in his conduct as a man and in his habits as a writer.

For the first six years of his exile in Ireland after the death of Queen Anne, Swift had published nothing of any consequence, and had kept aloof from politics, except when they were brought to his door by local quarrels. In 1720, however, he again flashed forth as a political luminary, in a character that could hardly have been anticipated—that of an Irish patriot. Taking up the cause of the "scoundrel island," to which he belonged by birth, if not by affection, and to which fate had consigned him, in spite of all his efforts, he made that cause his own; virtually said to his old Whig enemies then in power on the other side of the water: "Yes, I am an Irishman, and I will show you what an Irishman is;" and, constituting himself the representative of the island, hurled it, with all its pent-up mass of rage and wrongs, against Walpole and his administration. First, in revenge for the commercial wrongs of Ireland, came his *Proposal for the Universal Use of Irish Manufactures*,

utterly Rejecting and Renouncing Everything Wearable that comes from England; then, amidst the uproar and danger excited by this proposal, other and other defiance in the same tone; and lastly, in 1723, on the occasion of the royal patent to poor William Wood to supply Ireland, without her own consent, with a hundred and eight thousand pounds' worth of copper half-pence, of English manufacture, the unparalleled *Drapier's Letters*, which blasted the character of the coppers and asserted the nationality of Ireland. All Ireland, Catholic as well as Protestant, blessed the Dean of St. Patrick's; associations were formed for the defence of his person; and, had Walpole and his Whigs succeeded in bringing him to trial, it would have been at the expense of an Irish rebellion. From that time till his death, Swift was the true king of Ireland; only when O'Connell arose did the heart of the nation yield equal veneration to any single chief; and even at this day the grateful Irish, forgetting his gibes against them, and forgetting his continual habit of distinguishing between the Irish population as a whole, and the English and Protestant part of it to which he belonged himself, cherish his memory with loving enthusiasm, and speak of him as the "great Irishman." Among the phases of Swift's life, this of his having been an Irish patriot and agitator deserves to be particularly remembered.

In the year 1726, Swift, then in his sixtieth year, and in the full flush of his new popularity as the champion of Irish nationality, visited England for the first time since Queen Anne's death. Once there, he was loth to return; and a considerable portion of the years 1726 and 1727 was spent by him in or near London. This was the time of the publication of *Gulliver's Travels*, which had been written some years before, and also of some *Miscellanies*, which were edited for him by Pope. It was at Pope's villa at Twickenham that most of his time was spent; and it was there and at this time that the long friendship between Swift and Pope ripened into that extreme and affectionate intimacy which they both loved to acknowledge. Gay, Arbuthnot, and Bolingbroke, now returned from exile, joined Pope in welcoming their friend. Addison had been dead several years. Prior was dead, and also Vanbrugh and Parnell. Steele was yet alive: but between him and Swift there was no longer any tie. Political and aristocratic acquaintances, old and new, there were in abundance, all anxious once again to have Swift among them to fight their battles. Old George I. had not long to live, and the Tories were trying again to come into power in the train of the Prince of Wales. There were even chances of an arrangement with Walpole, with possibilities, in that or in some other way, that Swift should not die a mere Irish dean. These prospects were but temporary. The old king

died; and, contrary to expectation, George II. retained Walpole and his Whig colleagues. In October, 1727, Swift left England for the last time. He returned to Dublin just in time to watch over the death-bed of Stella, who expired, after a lingering illness, in January, 1728. Swift was then in his sixty-second year.

The story of the remaining seventeen years of Swift's life—for, with all his maladies, bodily and mental, his strong frame withstood, for all that time of solitude and gloom, the wear of mortality—is perhaps better known than any other part of his biography. How his irritability, and eccentricities, and avarice grew upon him, so that his friends and servants had a hard task in humoring him, we learn from the traditions of others; how his memory began to fail, and other signs of breaking up began to appear, we learn from himself:—

See, how the Dean begins to break!
Poor gentleman, he droops apace,
You plainly find it in his face.
That old vertigo in his head
Will never leave him till he's dead.
Besides, his memory decays:
He recollects not what he says;
He cannot call his friends to mind;
Forgets the place where last he dined;
Plies you with stories o'er and o'er.
He told them fifty times before.

The fire of his genius, however, was not yet burnt out. Between 1729 and 1736 he continued to throw out satires and lampoons in profusion, referring to the men and topics of the day, and particularly to the political affairs of Ireland; and it was during this time that his *Directions to Servants*, his *Polite Conversation*, and other well-known facetiæ, first saw the light. From the year 1736, however, it was well known in Dublin that the Dean was no more what he had been, and that his recovery was not to be looked for. The rest will be best told in the words of Sir Walter Scott:—

"The last scene was now rapidly approaching, and the stage darkened ere the curtain fell. From 1736 onward, the Dean's fits of periodical giddiness and deafness had returned with violence; he could neither enjoy conversation, nor amuse himself with writing; and an obstinate resolution which he had formed not to wear glasses, prevented him from reading. The following letter to Mrs. Whiteway [his cousin, and chief attendant in his last days] in 1740, is almost the last document which we possess of the celebrated Swift, as a rational and reflecting being. It awfully foretells the catastrophe which shortly after took place."

"I have been very miserable all night, and to-day extremely deaf and full of pain. I am so stupid and confounded, that I cannot express the mortification I am under both in body and mind.

All I can say is that I am not in torture; but I daily and hourly expect it. Pray let me know how your health is and your family. I hardly understand one word I write. I am sure my days will be very few; few and miserable they must be.

'I am, for these few days,

Yours entirely,

J. SWIFT.'

'If I do not blunder, it is Saturday, July 26, 1740.'

"His understanding having totally failed soon after these melancholy expressions of grief and affection, his first state was that of violent and furious lunacy. His estate was put under the management of trustees, and his person confided to the care of Dr. Lyons, a respectable clergyman, curate to the Rev. Robert King, prebendary of Dunlavin, one of Swift's executors. This gentleman discharged his melancholy task with great fidelity, being much and gratefully attached to the object of his care. From a state of outrageous frenzy, aggravated by severe bodily suffering, the illustrious Dean of St. Patrick's sank into the situation of a helpless changeling. In the course of about three years, he is only known to have spoken once or twice. At length, when this awful moral lesson had subsisted from 1743 until the 19th of October, 1745, it pleased God to release him from this calamitous situation. He died upon that day without a single pang, so gently that his attendants were scarce aware of the moment of his dissolution."

Swift was seventy-eight years of age at the time of his death, having outlived all his contemporaries of the Queen Anne cluster of wits, with the exception of Bolingbroke, Ambrose Philips, and Cibber. Congreve had died in 1729; Steele in the same year; Defoe, in 1731; Gay, in 1732; Arbuthnot, in 1735; Tickell, in 1740; and Pope, who was Swift's junior by twenty-one years, in 1744. Swift, therefore, is entitled in our literary histories to the place of patriarch as well as to that of chief among the wits of Queen Anne's reign; and he stands nearest to our own day of any of them whose writings we still read. As late as the year 1820 a person was alive who had seen Swift as he lay dead in the deanery before his burial, great crowds going to take their last look of him. "The coffin was open; he had on his head neither cap nor wig; there was not much hair on the front or very top, but it was long and thick behind, very white, and was like flax upon the pillow." Such is the last glimpse we have of Swift on earth. Exactly ninety years afterwards, the coffin was taken up from its resting-place in the aisle of the cathedral; and the skull of Swift, the white locks now all mouldered away from it, became an object of scientific curiosity. Phrenologically, it was a disappointment, the extreme lowness of the forehead striking every

one, and the so-called organs of wit, causality, and comparison being scarcely developed at all. There were peculiarities, however, in the shape of the interior indicating larger capacity of brain than would have been inferred from the external aspect. Stella's coffin was exhumed, and her skull examined at the same time. The examiners found the skull "a perfect model of symmetry and beauty."

Have we said too much in declaring that, of all the men who illustrated that period of our literary history which lies between the Revolution of 1688 and the beginning or middle of the reign of George II., Swift alone (excepting Pope, and excepting him only on certain definite and peculiar grounds) fulfils to any tolerable extent those conditions which would entitle him to the epithet of 'great,' already refused by us to his age as a whole? We do not think so. Swift was a great genius: nay, if by *greatness* we understand general mass and energy rather than any pre-conceived peculiarity of quality, he was the greatest genius of his age. Neither Addison, nor Steele, nor Pope, nor Defoe possessed, in anything like the same degree, that which Goethe and Niebuhr, seeking a name for a certain attribute found always present, as they thought, in the higher and more forcible order of historic characters, agreed to call the *demonic* element. Indeed, very few men in our literature, from first to last, have had so much of this element in them—the sign and source of all real greatness—as Swift. In him it was so obvious as to attract notice at once. "There is something in your looks," wrote Vanessa to him, "so awful that it strikes me dumb;" and again, "Sometimes you strike me with that prodigious awe, I tremble with fear;" and again, "What marks are there of a deity that you are not known by?" True, these are the words of a woman infatuated with love; but there is evidence that wherever Swift went, and in whatever society he was, there was this magnetic power in his presence. Pope felt it; Addison felt it; they all felt it. We question if, among all our literary celebrities, from first to last, there has been one more distinguished for being personally formidable to all who came near him.

And yet, in calling Swift a great genius, we clearly do not mean to rank him in the same order of greatness with such men among his predecessors as Spenser, or Shakspeare, or Milton, or such men among his successors, as Scott, Coleridge, and Wordsworth. We even retain instinctively the right of not according to him a certain kind of admiration which we bestow on such men of his own generation as Pope, Steele, and Addison. How is this? What is the drawback about Swift's genius, which prevents us from referring him to that highest order of literary great-

ness to which we do refer others, who in respect of hard general capacity were apparently not superior to him, and on the borders of which we also place some who, in that respect, were certainly his inferiors? To make the question more special, why do we call Milton great, in quite a different sense from that in which we consent to confer the same epithet on Swift?

Altogether, it will be said, Milton was a greater man than Swift; his intellect was higher, richer, deeper, grander; his views of things are more profound, grave, stately, and exalted. This is a true enough statement of the case; and we like that comprehensive use of the word intellect which it implies—wrapping up, as it were, all that is in and about a man in this one word, so as to dispense with the distinctions between imaginative and non-imaginative, spiritual and unspiritual, natures, and make every possible question about a man a mere question in the end as to the size or degree of his intellect. But such a mode of speaking is too violent and recondite for common purposes. According to the common use of the word intellect, it might be maintained (we do not say it would) that Swift's intellect, meaning his strength of mental grasp, was equal to Milton's; and yet that, by reason of the fact that his intellectual style was deficient, that he did not grasp things precisely in the Miltonic way, a distinction might be drawn unfavorable, on the whole, to his genius as compared with that of Milton. According to such a view, we must seek for that in Swift's genius, upon which it depends that, while we accord to it all the admiration we bestow on strength, our sympathies with height or sublimity are left unmoved. Nor have we far to seek. When Goethe and Niebuhr generalized in the phrase, 'the demonic element,' that mystic something which they seemed to detect in all men of unusual potency among the fellows, they used the word 'demonic,' not in its English sense, as signifying what appertains specially to the demons or powers of darkness, but in its Greek sense as equally implying the unseen agencies of light and good. The demonic element in a man, therefore, may, in one case, be the demonic of the ethereal and the celestial; in another, the demonic of the Tartarean and infernal. There is a demonic of the supernatural—angels, and seraphs, and white-winged airy messengers swaying men's phantasies from above; and there is a demonic of the infra-natural—fiends, and shapes of horror tugging at men's thoughts from beneath. The demonic in Swift was of the latter kind. It is false, it would be an entire mistake as to his genius, to say that he regarded, or was inspired by, only the worldly and the secular; that men, women, and their relations on the little world of visible life, were all that his in-

tellect cared to recognize. He, also, like our Miltons and our Shakespeares, and all our men who have been anything more than prudential and pleasant writers, had his being anchored in things and imaginations beyond the visible verge. But while it was given to them to hold rather by things and imaginations belonging to the region of the celestial—to hear angelic music, and the rustling of seraphic wings; it was his unhappier lot to be related rather to the darker and subterranean mysteries.—One might say of Swift that he had far less of belief in a God, than of belief in a Devil. He is like a man walking on the earth and among the busy haunts of his fellow-mortals, observing them and their ways, and taking his part in the bustle; all the while, however, conscious of the tuggings downward of secret chains reaching into the world of the demons. Hence his ferocity, his misanthropy, his *sæva indignatio*, all of them true forms of energy, imparting unusual potency to a life; but forms of energy bred of communion with what outlies nature on the lower or infernal side.

Swift, doubtless, had this melancholic tendency in him, constitutionally, from the beginning. From the first, we see him all unruly, rebellious, gloomy, revengeful, unforgiving spirit, loyal to no authority, and gnashing under every restraint. With nothing small or weak in his nature, too proud to be dishonest, bold and fearless in his opinions, capable of strong attachments, and of hatreds as strong, it was to be predicted that, if the swarthy Irish youth, whom Sir William Temple received into his house, when his college had all but expelled him for contumacy, should ever be eminent in the world, it would be for fierce and controversial, and not for beautiful or harmonious, activity. It is clear, however, on a survey of Swift's career, that the gloom and melancholy which characterized it, was not altogether congenital, but in part, at least, grew out of some special circumstance, or set of circumstances, having a precise date and locality among the facts of his life. In other words, there was some secret in Swift's life, some root of bitterness or remorse, diffusing a black poison throughout his whole existence. That communion with the invisible almost exclusively on the infernal side—that consciousness of chains wound round his own moving frame at the one end, and, at the other, tugged at by demons in the depths of their populous pit, while no cords of love were felt sustaining him from the countervailing heaven—had its origin, in part at least, in some one recollection or cause of dread. It was some one demon down in that pit that tugged the chains; the others but assisted him. Thackeray's perception seems to us exact, when he says of Swift, that 'he goes

through life, tearing, like a man possessed with a devil; or again, changing the form of the figure, that, 'like Abudah, in the Arabian story, he is always looking out for the Fury, and knows that the night will come, and the inevitable hag with it.' What was this Fury, this hag that duly came in the night, making the mornings horrible by the terrors of recollection, the evenings horrible by those of anticipation, and leaving but a calm hour at full mid-day? There was a secret in Swift's life; what was it? His biographers as yet have failed to agree on this dark topic.

Thackeray's hypothesis, that the cause of Swift's despair was chiefly his consciousness of disbelief in the creed to which he had sworn his professional faith, does not seem to us sufficient. In Swift's days, and even with his frank nature, we think that difficulty could have been got over. There was nothing, at least, so unique in the case, as to justify the supposition that this was what Archbishop King referred to in that memorable saying to Dr. Delany, 'You have just met the most miserable man on earth; but on the subject of his wretchedness you must never ask a question.' Had Swift made a confession of scepticism to the Archbishop, we do not think the prelate would have been taken so very much by surprise. Nor can we think, with some, that Swift's vertigo (now pronounced to have been increasing congestion of the brain) and his life-long certainty that it would end in idiocy or madness, are the true explanation of this interview and of the mystery which it shrouds. There was cause enough for melancholy here, but not exactly the cause that meets the case. Another hypothesis there is of a physical kind, which Scott and others hint at, and which finds great acceptance with the medical philosophers. Swift, it is said, was of 'a cold temperament,' etc. etc. But why a confession on the part of Swift to the Archbishop that he was not a marrying man, even had he added that he desired, above all things in the world, to be a person of this sort, should have so moved that dignitary, we cannot conceive. Besides, although this hypothesis might explain much of the Stella and Vanessa imbroglio, it would not explain all; nor do we see on what foundation it could rest Scott's assertion that all through Swift's writings there is no evidence of his having felt the tender passion, is simply untrue. On the whole, the hypothesis which has been started, of a too near consanguinity between Swift and Stella, either known from the first to one or both, or discovered too late, would most nearly suit the conditions of the case. And yet, so far as we have seen, this hypothesis also rests on air, with no one fact to support it. Could we suppose that Swift, like another Eugene Aram, went through the world with a murder on his

mind, it might be taken as a solution of the mystery; but, as we cannot do this, we must be content with supposing that either some one of the foregoing hypotheses, or some combination of them, is to be accepted; or that the matter is altogether inscrutable.

Such by constitution as we have described him—with an intellect strong as iron, much acquired knowledge, an ambition all but insatiable, and a decided desire to be wealthy—Swift, almost as a matter of course, flung himself impetuously into the Whig and Tory controversy, which was the question paramount of his time. In that he labored as only a man of his powers could, bringing to the side of the controversy on which he chanced to be—and we believe, when he was on a side, it was honestly because he found a certain preponderance of right in it—a hard and ruthless vigor which served it immensely. But from the first, and, at all events, after the disappointments of a political career had been experienced by him, his nature would not work alone in the narrow warfare of Whiggism and Toryism, but overflowed in general bitterness of reflection on all the customs and ways of humanity. The following passage in *Gulliver's Voyage to Brobdingnag*, describing how the politics of Europe appeared to the King of Brobdingnag, shows us Swift himself in his larger mood of thought.

"This prince took a pleasure in conversing with me, enquiring into the manners, religion, laws, government and learning of Europe; wherein I gave him the best account I was able. His apprehension was so clear, and his judgment so exact, that he made very wise reflections and observations upon all I said. But I confess, that after I had been a little too copious in talking of my own beloved country, of our trade, and wars by sea and land, of our schisms in religion, and parties in the state, the prejudices of his education prevailed so far that he could not forbear taking me up in his right hand, and, stroking me gently with the other, after an hearty fit of laughing, asking me, whether I was a Whig or a Tory. Then turning to his first minister, who waited behind him with a white staff nearly as tall as the mainmast of the Royal Sovereign, he observed how contemptible a thing was human grandeur, which could be mimicked by such diminutive insects as I; 'And yet,' says he, 'I dare engage these creatures have their titles and distinctions of honor; they contrive little nests and burrows, that they call houses and cities; they make a figure in dress and equipage; they love, they fight, they dispute, they cheat, they betray.' And thus he continued on, while my color came and went several times with indignation to hear our noble country, the mistress of arts and arms, the scourge of France, the arbitress of Europe, the seat of virtue, piety, honor, truth, the pride and envy of the world, so contemptuously treated."

Swift's writings, accordingly, divide them-

selves in the main, into two classes,—pamphlets, tracts, lampoons, and the like, bearing directly on persons and topics of the day, and written with the ordinary purpose of a partisan; and satires of a more general aim, directed, in the spirit of a cynic philosopher, against humanity as a whole, or against particular human classes, arrangements, and modes of thinking. In some of his writings the politician and the general satirist are seen together. The *Drapier's Letters* and most of the poetical lampoons, exhibit Swift in his direct mood as a party writer; in the *Tale of a Tub*, we have the ostensible purpose of a partisan masking a reserve of general scepticism; in the *Battle of the Books* we have a satire partly personal to individuals, partly with a reference to a prevailing tone of opinion; in the *Voyage to Laputa*, we have a satire on a great class of men; and in the *Voyages to Lilliput and Brobdingnag*, and still more in the story of the *Houyhnhnms and Yahoos*, we have human nature itself analyzed and laid bare.

Swift took no care of his writings, never acknowledged some of them, never collected them, and suffered them to find their way about the world as chance, demand, and the piracy of publishers directed. As all know, it is in his character as a Humorist, an inventor of the preposterous as a medium for the reflective, and above all, as a master of irony, that he takes his place as one of the chiefs of English literature. There can be no doubt that, as regards the literary form which he affected most, he took hints from Rabelais, as the greatest original in the realm of the absurd. Sometimes, as in his description of the Strulbrugs in the *Voyage to Laputa*, he approaches the ghastly power of that writer; on the whole, however, there is more of stern English realism in him, and less of sheer riot and wildness. Sometimes, however, Swift throws off the guise of the humorist, and speaks seriously and in his own name. On such occasions we find ourselves simply in the presence of a man of strong, sagacious, and thoroughly English mind, content, as is the habit of Englishmen, with vigorous proximate sense, expressed in plain and rather coarse idiom. For the speculative he shows, in these cases, neither liking nor aptitude; he takes obvious reasons and arguments as they come to hand, and uses them in a robust, downright, Saxon manner. In one respect, he stands out conspicuously even among plain Saxon writers—his total freedom from cant. Johnson's advice to Boswell, "above all things to clear his mind of cant," was perhaps never better illustrated than in the case of Dean Swift. Indeed, it might be given as a summary definition of Swift's character, that he had cleared his mind of cant, without having succeed-

ed in filling the void with song. It was Swift's intense hatred of cant—cant in religion, cant in morality, cant in literature—that occasioned many of those peculiarities which shock people in his writings. His principle being to view things as they are, irrespective of all the accumulated cant of orators and poets, he naturally prosecuted his investigations into those classes of circumstances which orators and poets have omitted as unsuitable for their purposes. If they had viewed men as Angels, he would view them as Yahoos. If they had placed the springs of action among the fine phrases and the sublimities, he would trace them down into their secret connections with the bestial and the obscene. Hence—as much as for any of those physiological reasons which some of his biographers assign for it—his undisguised delight in filth. And hence, also, probably—seeing that among the forms of cant he included the traditional manner of speaking of women in their relations to men—his studious contempt, whether in writing for men or women, of all the accustomed decencies. It was not only the more obvious forms of cant, however, that Swift had in aversion. Even to that minor form of cant, which consists in the trite, he gave no quarter. Whatever was habitually said by the

majority of people, seemed to him, for that very reason, not worthy of being said at all, much less put into print. A considerable portion of his writings—as, for example, his *Trritical Essay on the Faculties of the Mind*, and his *Art of Polite Conversation*—in the one of which he strings together a series of the most threadbare maxims and quotations to be found in books, offering the compilation as an original disquisition of his own; and, in the other, mimics the insipidity of ordinary table-talk in society—may be regarded as showing a systematic determination on his part to turn the trite into ridicule. Hence, in his own writings, though he abstains from the profound, he never falls into the commonplace. Apart from all Swift's other merits, there are to be found scattered through his writings not a few distinct propositions of an innovative and original character, respecting our social arrangements. We have seen his doctrine as to the education of woman; and we may mention as an instance of the same kind, his denunciation of the institution of standing armies as incompatible with freedom. Curiously enough, also, it was Swift's belief that Yahoos as we are, the world is always in the right.

PREDICTIONS OF THE DEATH OF NICHOLAS.

No sooner has the Emperor Nicholas disappeared from the scene, than predictions of his death are brought forward, not in one case or in two, but in several; and we believe that there are more of these unrecorded predictions. Dr. A. B. Granville appears among the first, having in July 1853 written a letter to Lord Palmerston, fixing July next as the latest term to which the life of Nicholas could be extended. A Mr. James Lee, who writes from a back street somewhere in the neighborhood of Holborn, sent to the *Morning Advertiser*, three weeks ago, a prediction that the Emperor would be a corpse at the expiration of three weeks dating from the time of his letter, on the 6th of February; and the editor of the *Morning Advertiser* testifies that his correspondent did so. A correspondent of our own recalls a third prediction of which he informed us in November last.

Our correspondent had met at Birmingham, a young Scotchman who had been five years in St. Petersburg, and who said that he knew the Czar, and that the Emperor would not be suffered to live for a year. "It was," he said, "the thirtieth year of Nicholas's reign, and in completing it he would attain a religious status which would give

him uncontrolled power over the property of the church: it was therefore well known, in Russia, he would never attain it."

Zadkiel does not confirm these predictions; but fact has confirmed them. The most specific is Dr. Granville's, communicated to Lord Palmerston nearly two years ago; and it is accompanied by the data. For some cause or other, the family of Nicholas can seldom attain sixty years—very rarely pass it. Paul died at forty-seven; Alexander at forty-eight; Constantine at fifty-two; Michael at forty-eight; their mother at sixty-five. And all these persons either died of apoplexy or were apoplectic at the period of their sudden death; that disease sometimes being preceded by great cerebral excitement. It would seem, therefore, that there is a disease which runs in the family, and that the excitements of ungoverned rule exasperate the disease. There is no doubt that the exercise of royalty is unwholesome, especially in proportion to its pampering and irritating circumstances. *Zadkiel* the prophet foretells a time when kings will be chosen more in accordance with their personal destiny, so that the nations may not be implicated in the evil fate of their rulers. Granville the physician would point to a choice of kings on sanitary grounds.

SEBASTOPOL AND CRONSTADT.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE EVENING MAIL.

SIR,—Peace being desirable not only for the interests of our country but for those of the world at large, and the negotiations now pending being doubtless injuriously influenced by the obstinate resistance of Sebastopol (which could be overcome in a day), and by the impossibility of successfully attacking Cronstadt by naval means (which might be as speedily reduced), I have drawn up a petition to Parliament, in order that secrecy and silence on my part, and deficiency of information on that of the public, may no longer prove injurious to the success of our arms. Hostilities having proceeded so far, assuredly it is more expedient to reduce a restless nation to a third or fourth-rate Power than be ourselves reduced.

Let not my motive be mistaken. I have no wish to command a fleet of 100-gun ships, or to attack first-rate fortresses by encased batteries or steam gunboats; that which I desire, is, first, secretly to demonstrate to competent persons the efficiency of my plans, and then to obtain authority (during eight or 10 days of fine weather) to put them in execution.

The means I contemplate are simple, cheap, and safe in execution. They would spare thousands of lives, millions of money, great havoc, and uncertainty of results. Their consequences might, and probably would, effect the emancipation of Poland and give freedom to the usurped territories of Sweden.

Those who judge unfavorably of all aged naval commanders assuredly do not reflect that the useful employment of the energies of thousands and tens of thousands of men can best be developed and directed by a mind instructed by long observation, matured by reflection; an advantage to which physical power—that could clear its way by a broad sword—can bear no comparison. My unsupported opinion, in regard to a naval enterprise in 1809, proved to be correct. Every other undertaking in the British service, in which I was concerned, and as commander-in-chief in Chili, Peru, Brazil, and Greece, was successful, and so would the protracted and unaccomplished undertakings, so injurious to the result of negotiation, have succeeded, had I possessed sufficient influence to be patiently listened to.

I am, Sir, your obliged and obedient servant,
March 10, 1855. DUNDONALD.

“TO THE HON. THE COMMONS IN PARLIAMENT ASSEMBLED.

“The Petition of Thomas Earl of Dundonald,
Admiral of the White,

“Humbly sheweth,—That in the year 1811 your petitioner discovered, and after deliberate consideration, had the honor, in the year 1812, to disclose to his Royal Highness the Prince Regent a simple, yet irresistible means, whereby ordinary implements in war might be dispensed with and speedy and successful results ensured.

“That his Royal Highness was pleased to appoint a commission to investigate the subject, consisting of the most competent persons of that period, whose report was so favorable that his

Royal Highness ordered the attendance of your petitioner, and commanded secrecy, which had been imposed on Lord Keith, Lord Exmouth, and on General and Colonel Congreve, his Royal Highness the Duke of York being president of the commission.

“That with this injunction your petitioner faithfully complied, although he could have put his plans in execution in foreign service to his own great personal advantage. That after your petitioner's return from abroad, and when an apprehension of war had again arisen at home, your petitioner presented his plans to His Majesty King William (who had honored your petitioner in early life with favor), and whose professional knowledge enabled him to judge of their applicability.

“That His Majesty, satisfied therewith, was pleased, in the most flattering manner, to manifest the high estimation in which he held the loyalty and disinterested conduct of your petitioner.

“That on a subsequent threat of war since the accession of Her present Majesty, the question of the merits of your petitioner's plan was on a similar occasion submitted to the most hon. the Cabinet Council, wherein ingenious and expanded minds, impressed with sentiments similar to those which actuated his late Majesty, recommended and obtained a gracious manifestation of Royal justice.

“That in February and in July, last year, your petitioner again offered his said plans, and sanctioned their reference to a secret commission of naval officers, in order that a professional report might be made as to their practicability and efficiency, which report, however, was confined to an opinion as to their expediency, perhaps originating in an erroneous impression as to the endurance of iron-bound floating batteries, all of which your petitioner will engage to subdue, even were they added to the defences of Cronstadt.

“That your petitioner, foreseeing the impracticability of capturing numerous and powerful fortifications by the means now in preparation, again most respectfully offers his plans and his services to accomplish these objects, reserving the encased batteries and steam gunboats entire, and ready for the brief and easy task of destroying the hostile fleet.

“That your petitioner begs that, should these premises and the prayer herunto annexed seem to your hon. House exaggerated or unreasonable, you will be pleased to take into your consideration that, had electric communication and photographic delineation been privately known and publicly announced, these incontestable realities would have been received as an insult to the understanding.

“Therefore your petitioner humbly prays, that your hon. House will be pleased, by a searching inquiry, to ascertain whether the aforesaid secret plans are capable, speedily, certainly, and cheaply to surmount obstacles which our gallant, persevering, and costly armies and fleets have failed to accomplish.

“DUNDONALD.”

[Presented March 9, 1855.]

[The English papers say this experiment is to be made in May or June by the Government.]